

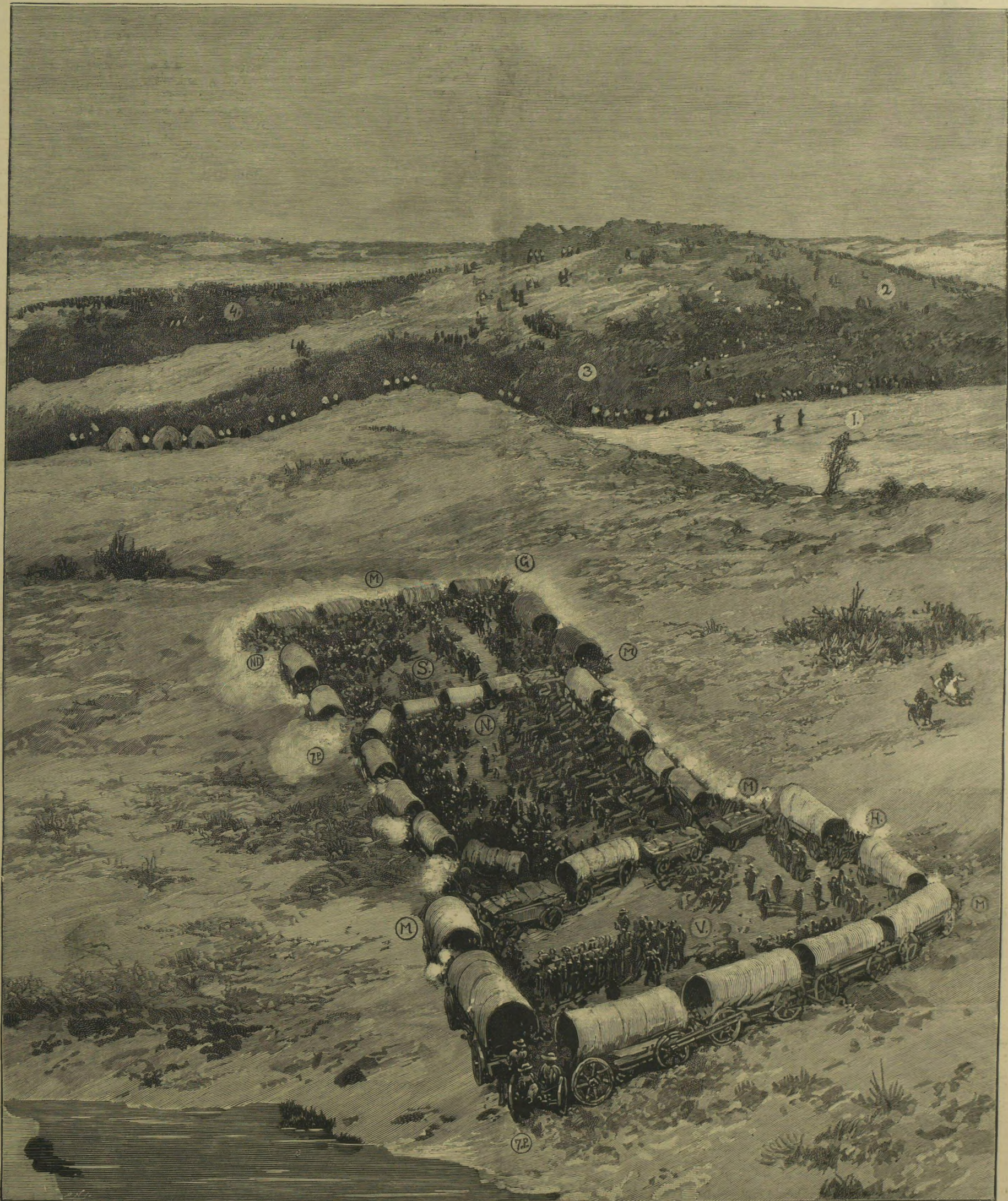
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1894.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: "HONEYSUCKLE," SIXPENCE.
FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. CIII. By Post, 6d.



S. Salisbury Laager.
V. Victoria Laager.
N. Native Contingent and cattle.
7-P. Seven-pounders.

M. Maxim gun.
ND. Nordenfeldt gun.
G. Gardiner gun.
H. Hotchkiss gun.

1. Here Victoria Infantry entered after the attack and skirmished.
2. Ingubu Matabili Regiment.
3. Imbuzu Matabili Regiment.
4. Insukamini Matabili Regiment.

THE MATABILI WAR: BATTLE ON NOV. 1, NEAR BULUWAYO.

From a Sketch by Dr. Arthur W. Hogg, Surgeon to the Fort Victoria Column.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There should be a fool's cap awarded to every practical joker, to be worn for a term of years in proportion to the gravity of his offence. The idiot who points a gun, "in fun," as he calls it, at a fellow-creature should wear his cap for ever, whether he brings down his game or not; for a humorist of this kind will be always dangerous. Some people say that there is nothing more hateful than "the new humour," but this is very old and much worse. The fool who draws your chair from under you, as you are about to sit down, is also of an ancient type, probably as old as chairs. A new departure, has, however, been made in this branch of amusement. A man the other day, seeing another correcting what was amiss to a telegraph wire, took his ladder away. In addition to the distance he had to descend, there was the excruciatingly funny circumstance that to swarm down the post was very dangerous on account of the electric current; but for the fact of his having a pair of india-rubber gloves on he would have been a dead man. The fool's cap is a fitting punishment for these offenders, but their crime can never be rooted out save by education. Some fun or other human beings must have, and they should be taught what is good fun, and (especially) what is bad fun.

There was a time when, among a higher class, puns were considered good fun. Once and away they may be so. In my youth I used to make puns myself occasionally, perhaps two in a year, till a critic in a famous literary organ denounced a novel of mine as being "full of puns." It was a somewhat hasty generalisation, for there was but one in it, but it was evidently more than enough. I gave puns up and took to other literary recreations. So you see it can be done. In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" there is a denunciation of puns (made with a view, I fear, of introducing to our notice some particularly fine specimens), but there is no longer any need for a reproof of this practice; thanks to education it has almost entirely disappeared. The same thing has happened with rhymed epigrams. In the beginning of the century a good joke was not considered presentable till it was put into verse—a fashion probably borrowed from the classics. Greek epigrams are almost always in verse, and very amusing—in Greek; but they are apt to suffer in translation. You can never, I am told, get the delicate aroma of the aorist except, as it were, in the wood. Well, epigrams have gone, and puns have gone, and why not practical jokes? If people were only taught early enough how sinful, and especially how stupid, they are, they would die out. Of course you must not lay a finger upon a Board-School boy, the sacred son of a B.W.; but if he is detected sharpening a slate pencil with the view of causing his form companion, when he has done standing in class, to sit down upon it, he should be reasoned with and taught the elements of true humour. At present the great mass of our fellow-countrymen know nothing of this, or they would not laugh at the pantomimes, and the lower we go in the social stage the lower we find their sense of fun.

The secret rivalry between town and country is enormous, though Urbanus is too polite to speak of the superiority he feels, and Melibœus is silent from motives of equal delicacy, since he cannot conceive how any fellow could stand being "bricked up alive" (as he calls a town life) if he could help it. In the summer, indeed, jealousy scarcely exists. Melibœus, if his farms are let (a large *if* in these days) will come to town for the season, and Urbanus is well pleased to get a whiff of country air; but in winter odious comparisons are constantly being made. Urbanus wonders how a man can live without society, and either pictures his rival snowed up (like Elizabeth Woodcock) and unable to go to church, or compelled to go there, snow or no snow, by public opinion. Melibœus hears of this and thanks Heaven he has no jealousies (far less the vices and infidelities of the metropolis), but takes a secret pleasure in the weather reports in the newspapers. "Those poor people in London, I fear," he says, "are again suffering from the fogs. One can hardly believe it in this splendid sunshine. What is the use of that ample supply of cabs about which they are always boasting when 'traffic is entirely suspended'? Pea-soup is an excellent thing of its kind, but as a medium of vision, and for breathing purposes, give me light and air."

Among the Christmas amusements which are still popular with our young folks are ghost stories. They are delightfully exciting, and in company we "snatch a fearful joy" from them in the firelit room; but when we go to our little beds, and are left alone, the recollection of them is not so attractive. A young friend of ours was moved to tears by it the other night. "My dear mamma," she said, as that loving lady strove to kiss away her tears, "I can't help it. It's the ghost that frightens me." "My darling, but ghosts can hurt nobody, since they do not exist; it is nothing but Imagination." "Yes," replied the little one, "but that is the very one I am most afraid of."

Perhaps the child was right as to the ill-effects of that gift. I wonder, on the whole, are people the happier for the possession of imagination or otherwise? In its highest

form it no doubt bestows rapture, the most exalted pleasure, though, on the other hand, susceptibility to the keenest pain: the poet in his youth "begins in gladness; But thereof come in the end despondency and madness"; but in lower degrees, and as regards the majority of us, is it a curse or a blessing? Without enabling us to forecast the future, it fills us with apprehensions concerning it; or if it takes sanguine views—which is, however, a less common case—it makes misfortune more bitter by disappointment. It gives fears to the cradle and terrors to the death-bed, but it hides from us the imperfections of our dear ones, and makes those we love best most perfect. It meets misfortune halfway, and creates for us miseries that would otherwise have no existence. That contented mind which is said to be a continual feast is seldom found with it. Man is braver and woman more chaste for the want of it; and it certainly encourages lying.

A learned correspondent in the *Daily Graphic* tells us we are all wrong in our dates. Unlike that irrepressible writer who at the commencement of every year informs us that we have not begun it, or (I forget which) have begun it already, it is not a question of a day but of years with him. We are no less than six years wrong in our reckoning, and have reached the last year of the century. This should be good news for invalids and others who have yearned to see 1900 but never expected to do it. It strikes one, however, that if this witness is true, a great deal of enthusiasm has been wasted on centenaries which have been kept on the wrong days. It is probable that he is incorrect, but also that we are at least equally so; for, if the facts of history are untrustworthy, how much more the exact dates, of which, not to mention the changes of style, folks took no more notice at the time than they do nowadays! "Ye observe days and months and times and years," says the apostle, with a fine contempt for such matters, which is now, it seems, amply justified.

A new method of producing newspapers of small circulation has, we are told, been "evolved out of the pressure of circumstances," a phrase which reminds one of the German philosopher's method of producing a camel; however, the evolution has been more immediately performed by the type-writer, no less than two thousand copies having in one case been duplicated by this means. It is, of course, a retrograde step from one point of view; but I can remember when it would have been hailed as a great discovery. I was at that time engaged on my first literary work, on our *School Journal*. The periodical was not my venture, but that of a much older youth, who got the writing done for nothing and pocketed the proceeds—a system which has since been adopted in other quarters with marked success. He had the control of the weekly allowances, and deducted the price of the *Journal* from each payment, so that there were no bad debts or falling-off in the subscriptions. I cannot say that there were no complaints, but they were deep rather than loud, because our proprietor was the cock of the school, and took care to put the bigger boys upon the free list. As for me, fame as a writer of fiction was (as always) all I cared for, but several young gentlemen whose office it was to produce duplicate copies of the *Journal* thought themselves very hardly used. I am afraid they called my romances, extending over many weeks in serial (no matter what name I gave them), "Tommy Rot." Eventually this literary despotism was overthrown, though not without bloodshed, and everyone rejoiced at the tyrant's fall except his faithful fictionist. How rarely a public is to be found, unless it is the religious public—to which ours was not affiliated—which, whether it reads one's books or not, is obliged to buy them! But those who threw up their caps the highest were the transcribers; they had unhappily distinguished themselves in caligraphy, and were selected for this slavery for that very reason. If the type-writer had existed in their time what hours of toil they would have been saved!

Kept from the playground,
Oftentimes upon no ground whatever,
except that their copies of the *Journal* were still unfinished.

The snow has come, and I hope by the time that this line is read will have gone. In youth, it may have its attractions, and also for those who skate and toboggan—what we may call the slippery classes—but for the rest, and especially for old folks, it is the most overrated commodity that Nature bestows upon us. The poets, indeed, and the novelists, those who "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" (which, in other words, is lying), have exhausted themselves in its praise. With the former, it is the emblem of purity—a very poor compliment to that virtue, considering that it melts on the first approach of warmth; with the latter, it is generally used to enhance the pleasure of those who, sitting snugly by their own firesides, think of those who are exposed to its severity—the houseless. Of course it is very beautiful—there is nothing more so than the first snow on the fell in a mountainous country—but "handsome is as handsome does," and I know nothing more disagreeable at close quarters. In that admirable description of old age in *Ecclesiastes* we are told that it is "afraid of that which is high," meaning a hill; but it is much more afraid of that

which is deep, if it is a snow-drift. Nothing keeps it out except india-rubber goloshes, for which gracious invention some thought (before international copyright was conceded) that in the scheme of benevolence America was discovered. A boy, of course, delights in snow, with all its hideous inconveniences. I remember the unalloyed enjoyment of being snowed up in a village on the Berkshire downs, when the roads, being in hollows, were impassable, and locomotion was only possible in wagons (not carriages, because the springs would have been broken), across the whitened fields. Snowballs—most demoniacal weapons, especially when stones were put in them—seemed then, to use a Miltonic metaphor, the very artillery of Heaven. If one is on horseback, "the ball at one's feet," though a metaphor generally used to express prosperity, is especially dangerous.

The wills of the year 1893 offer significant reading. Of course the commercial folks have much larger sums "to begin the next world with" than the professions. No less than a score of these fortunes are in six and even seven figures. Next to them, but at a great interval, come the solicitors; only four out of the score exceed five figures, but none of them are less than £20,000. The doctors seem to have been about equally prosperous, but the barristers, rather unexpectedly, make but a bad third. The clergy, with one or two quite startling exceptions, die comparatively poor. The Church, indeed, is worse off than "the Services," which are generally supposed to be the most unremunerative of the recognised callings. An unrecognised one, that of literature, is last of all in the race for wealth. The folks who picture the novelists as rolling in gold will be surprised to see the figures: one leaves the enormous sum of eight hundred pounds behind him, and another—and a popular one, too—leaves one hundred pounds! Their little earnings are quite pathetic when contrasted with the enormous fortunes of some of those who have never made the world wiser, better, or even merrier.

To write anything upon the weather in advance in England is like corresponding with one's friends in the Colonies. Before it is read all you have to say may be pointless, because all the conditions are changed. It is possible when this meets the eye of the reader, though written only a few days beforehand, the frost may have relaxed its grip, the snow disappeared, and the good folks be writing, as usual, from the "south coast" to say that the birds are building their nests, under the impression that it is springtime, and that strawberries are ripening in the open air. Just now, however, I write with numbed fingers, and before as large a fire as a man of letters can afford with coals at present prices; I am also myself on the south coast, and see nothing like strawberries except my neighbours' noses. With all my heart—the only warm thing still left about me—do I pity the woes of his Royal Highness Prince Eyo Ekpenyon Eyo II., late of the Congo Institute, Colwyn Bay. By this time he is probably on his way to the real Congo, but his appeal to his English patron to be suffered to depart from this inclement isle is touching indeed: "My lord, I came here. I try all my best to see if I can stand this cold, but now is more worse to me. I can feel [he means he can't, of course] even my fingers and my feet, and I seat beside the fire all the day long. I can go outside except on Sunday. . . My lord, but one thing which I thought about myself is to let me be returned back again. . . One thing necessary for is the train passage and the ship money. I beg to say I will act as steward. . . Send somebody to the station (where the train used to land) to guide me for your office." Since Arthur's time no young prince has ever made a more pathetic appeal, only Eyo is afraid not of hot irons but of the cold. He admits the benefits of science and the glories of civilisation, but he will forego them all if he can but take ship and escape from this bitter weather, though it be as a steward or even a stowaway.

A French novelist has an advantage over an English one in many ways: in the phrase of the moralist, he "stoops to offal," or, more politely, is not "actuated by motives of delicacy"; and, in spite of the conventional opinion that vice revealed is less attractive than vice concealed, he thereby secures a large audience. There seems, however, to be a limit to his proceedings as regards personal allusion, which would hardly be imposed upon a writer in this country. If a criminal here is found guilty of murdering his first wife, with very strong suspicions of having made away with his second, and should escape with a term of imprisonment, the sensation novelist would run little risk of an action for libel in founding a story upon the circumstances in question. But M. Edouard Rod has done this very thing, and the newspaper which secured the serial rights of his story is sued for damages to the convict's "good reputation." It may be, and indeed unfortunately is, quite true that he murdered his first wife, but is that any reason, is his indignant plea, that he should be accused of another crime concerning which the jury, at most, could only return a verdict of "Not proven"? To a sensitive nature—even though, like the Tichborne Claimant, he may be "languishing in chains"—such a charge must be almost insupportable, and he naturally seeks pecuniary compensation; and, in the words of the sympathising satirist, "I wish he may get it!"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There has been a little hitch in the seasonable entertainment which may be described as Harlequin Hodge, or the Fairy Compromise and the Demon of Distrust. When the compact between the front benches, or rather between the Government and Mr. Balfour, was hinted at—there has been nothing more than a hint, as if compromises were fragile things which might be shattered by a definite statement—the whole aspect of the debates in Committee changed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the House rattled through the bulk of the Local Government Bill, leaving the new and postponed clauses for subsequent discussion. Then the malcontents on both sides took heart of grace and said "Compromise! Who knows anything about it? Who cares? We mean to stick to our principles and have our say." This independent attitude was sustained by Mr. Chaplin, among others, when the House came to discuss the new allotments clause. Here the Government had made concessions. They had limited the size of the allotments, and they had forbidden a tenant to claim compensation for improvements on land compulsorily hired. According to the general interpretation of the compromise, the Opposition had on these terms assented to compulsion; but Mr. Chaplin made it clear that any such understanding did not bind him. Cheered on by Mr. James Lowther, he denounced compulsion in any form or shape. In Mr. Chaplin's vocabulary there are subtle distinctions between shapes and forms, between sort and kind, and between wholly and totally. If a labourer wanted an allotment, why should he not purchase it by voluntary arrangement with the owner? Sir William Harcourt seized this opportunity to pose in his favourite attitude of Friend of the People. Who wanted to restrict and nullify the boons which this Bill offered to the agricultural democracy? The Tories. Who stuck manfully to their guns, and refused to yield to the threats of tyranny and the blandishments of prejudice? The Liberal Government. This triumphant demonstration was somewhat marred by the refusal of certain Radicals to admit that the Government had displayed this heroic fortitude. Mr. Channing had a little catechism too. Who cut down the labourers' allotments in deference to unreasonable pressure? The Ministry. Who told the tenant that if he made improvements which were absolutely necessary for the proper working of his allotment he would get no compensation for them? The Ministry. Who stood up for the popular rights, and denounced the bargain between a vacillating Government and an iniquitous Opposition? The Radicals below the gangway. Hooray!

This pleasant little game was continued over the question of ecclesiastical charities. Mr. Fowler conceded that where a parish room had been for forty years in the possession of one religious denomination it should come within the spell of the magic word ecclesiastical. But Mr. Griffith Boscawen had an amendment, suggesting that this definition should be extended to buildings erected by public subscriptions from members of all denominations for public and general purposes, but vested in the Vicar and churchwardens. Sir Richard Webster argued this point with a pathetic appeal to the fairness of the Treasury bench. A jury might have been melted to tears by the ex-Attorney-General's address. It was true that in such cases Nonconformists had subscribed to the funds, but they had not the least desire to interfere in administration. "I have myself given money to Nonconformist objects, but have I on that account claimed a share in the management? Perish the thought!" This magnanimity brought up the Solicitor-General with a rebuke to his honourable and learned friend. Sir John Rigby was pathetic too; but his sorrow was at the spectacle of an eminent lawyer permitting sentiment to get the better of his law. "Here I am on firm ground," exclaimed Sir John, amidst rapturous cries from members who took this as a confession that hitherto the Solicitor-General had been wandering over the face of troubled waters like the dove out of the Ark. Finding himself on terra firma at last, Sir John Rigby proceeded to affirm that under the conditions cited by Sir Richard Webster there could be no trust recognised by law vested in a vicar and churchwardens. This argument cut Mr. Talbot to the heart. Here they were trying to make peace and brotherly love between the Church of England and Nonconformity, and the Solicitor-General resisted that pious enterprise with mere technical law. "Substantial law!" shouted Sir John, and again there were shouts of joy. Lord Wolmer made disdainful mention of the so-called compromise, on which he was certain that the Bishops had not been consulted. Sir William Harcourt meekly replied that the Government did not presume to represent the Bishops, but that they had assented to a proposal made by persons who, perhaps, represented interests even more important than the opinions of the Episcopate. This hint at the part played by

Mr. Balfour in the recent negotiations did not prevent Lord Cranborne from suggesting that as the Government had conceded something they might as well concede something more. At this construction of the sacred compromise the Treasury bench shook its head and smiled. Such are the complications which arise when the party leaders come to an agreement, the terms of which are disclosed to the newspapers, but withheld, by Parliamentary etiquette, from the House of Commons.

The presence of the Irish members during these debates is fitful. They are generally ready when the division bell rings, but, except Mr. Diamond, they show no great relish for the details of English Local Government. Mr. Diamond has an insatiable appetite for these things. He often sits, a solitary oasis in the desert of the Irish benches, and from the deep attention he pays to the Conservative speakers, notably Sir Richard Temple, it would seem that he is impartially acquiring information which may be useful to the future administrators of Irish local affairs. But the Irishmen came down in a body to hear Mr. John Burns put a significant question to the Secretary for War. Was it true that the War Office had adopted the eight-hours day in all its workshops, and without reduction of wages? Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, with an air of innocent surprise, as of one who does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame, replied in the affirmative. Then the Irish gentlemen cheered lustily, as though they had each received the highest personal favour, and Mr. Burns went out into the lobby to be congratulated by his friends as the real author of this and every Ministerial blessing.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ANOTHER ROYAL BETROTHAL.

The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, a grandson of Queen Victoria, has been formally betrothed to his cousin, Princess



Photo by Heath, Plymouth.
PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA OF SAXE-COBURG AND EDINBURGH.



Photo by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.
ERNEST LOUIS, GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

BETROTHAL OF THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH.

Victoria Melita, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. This act was performed on Tuesday, Jan. 9, at Coburg. The Grand Duke Ernest Louis, son of the late Grand Duke Louis IV. and of Princess Alice of Great Britain, was born at Darmstadt on Nov. 25, 1868. Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg was born at Malta, Nov. 25, 1876. The future bride's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg (Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh) are now at Clarence House, St. James's.

THE MATABILI WAR.

King Lo Bengula has not yet surrendered, or been captured; he is now on the banks of the Zambesi, with two thousand followers, at Losiliki, below the Victoria Falls, where his crossing of the river is opposed by Lewanika, King of the Barotse, with a superior force. But the war in Matabililand is not ended; native warriors are collected at Inyati, where fifteen of the Bechuana Police have been killed. Unhappily, also, we have to regret in England the fate of Major Wilson and his party, detached from the force commanded by Major Forbes on Dec. 7, and probably cut off and slain by some roving "impi" of the Matabili army. Our Illustration represents the crowning victory, on Nov. 1, won by the volunteer troops of the British South Africa Chartered Company, from Fort Salisbury and Fort Victoria in Mashonaland, over the assembled forces of the enemy, comprising the Imbuzu and Ingubu "impis" or regiments, the Insukamini, which had already suffered a defeat on the Shangani River, and men from other tribes, in all, probably, about ten thousand. This battle was fought on the Bembe River, twenty miles from Buluwayo, the capital of the Matabili kingdom. Between fifteen hundred and two thousand of the Matabili were killed in their unsuccessful attack on the "laagers," or wagon-camps, of the British troops. The artillery, seven-pounder field-guns, and four machine bullet-guns, a Maxim, a Nordenfeldt, a Gardiner, and a Hotchkiss, proved very destructive. On the next day the column marched

forward to Buluwayo, and took possession of the town unopposed; the King's kraal was found burning, as Lo Bengula had ordered; his Majesty had left the place ten days before.

PROFESSOR DEWAR'S LECTURES.

The science lectures to juvenile audiences at the Royal Institution were originated many years ago by Professor Michael Faraday, whose "Chemistry of a Candle" will long be remembered. Those delivered at this season by Professor Dewar, treating of elementary physics, are both agreeable and instructive. His subject on Saturday, Jan. 6, in the fifth lecture of this course, was "Air, Gaseous and Liquid." That air can assume a liquid form, by the deprivation of heat, is perhaps not generally known to adults, still less to children. Professor Dewar not only explained the process effected by the evaporation of ethylene boiled under the air-pump; he produced a flask of liquid air, at a temperature of 180 deg. below zero. In theory, the existence of solid air, in the universe, is not utterly inconceivable, though it cannot yet be manufactured at the Royal Institution. The Professor, of course, gave some account of the normal gaseous constituents of common air, oxygen and nitrogen, and of the carbonic acid gas mingled with the atmosphere by combustion and by the respiration of animals, with its service to plants.

ENGLAND AND WALES FOOTBALL MATCH.

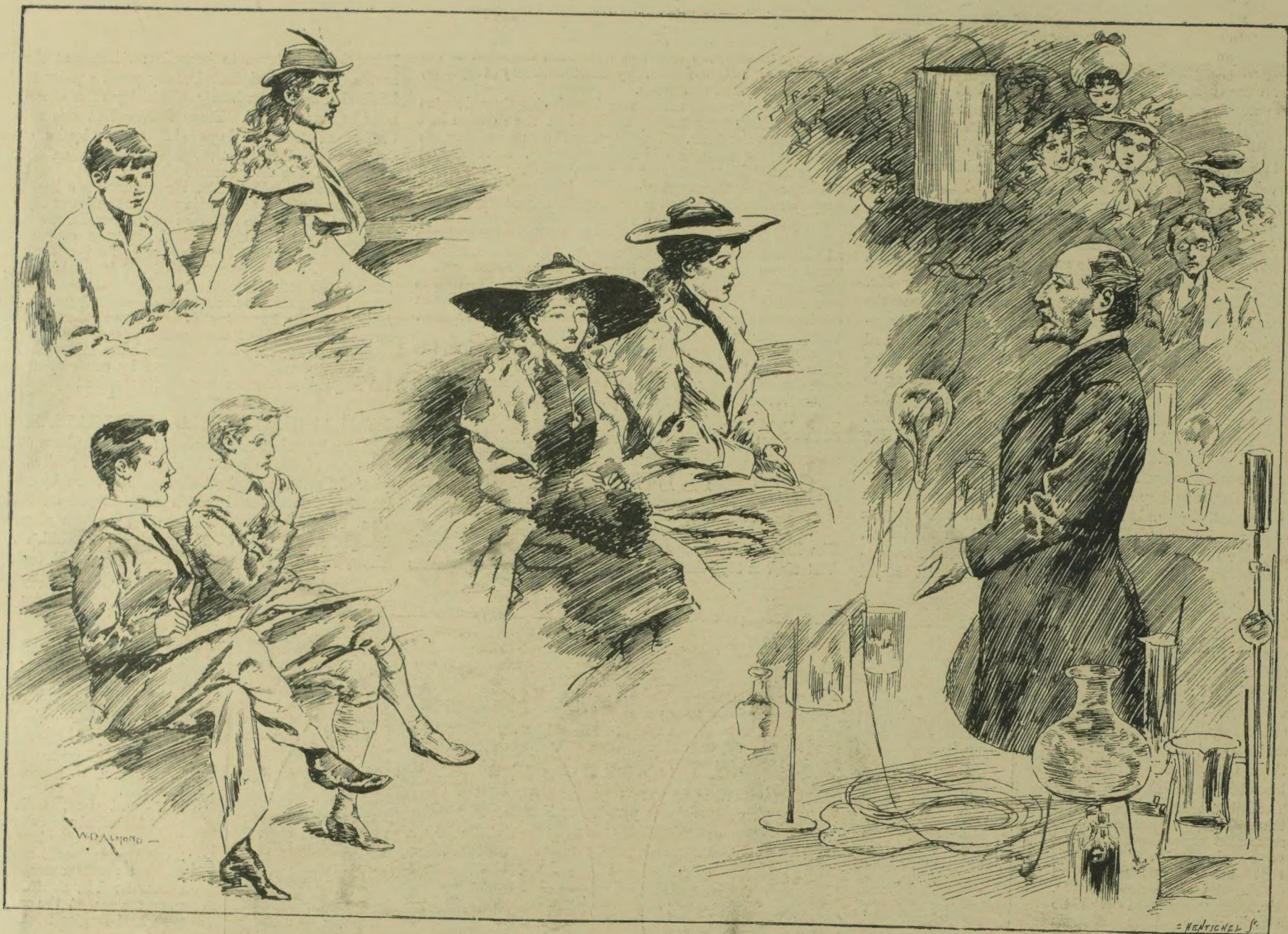
The Rugby code of the game of football has been diligently practised of late in South Wales, and with such effect, last year at Cardiff, as to beat the England team by one point. Another international match was played on Saturday, Jan. 6, at Birkenhead Park. The English players were Messrs. A. Allport, W. E. Tucker, J. Toothill, H. Bradshaw, J. Hall, H. Speed, T. Broadley, and F. Soane, forwards; C. M. Wells (of the Harlequins) and E. W. Taylor, half-backs; R. E. Lockwood, S. Murfitt, F. Firth, and C. A. Hooper, three-quarter backs; and J. F. Byrne, back. Wales sent forth Messrs. C. B. Nichol, J. Hannen, T. C. Graham, D. J. Daniells, W. Watts, F. Mills, A. W. Boucher, A. F. Hill, P. Phillips, F. C. Parfitt, A. J. Gould, J. Conway Rees, W. M'Cutcheon, N. Biggs, and W. Bancroft. The play began at half-past two, with about eight thousand spectators. The Welshmen won the toss. Wells, Taylor, and Murfitt made some fine runs and passes, but were encountered by skilful tackling; nevertheless, at the end of the first half England led by nine points to nil. The second part of the match was keenly played by Wales in very brilliant style, but the result was a decisive victory for England by five goals to a try. Mr. J. Aikman Smith, of the Scottish Union, was the referee. Eleven of these matches have been played, England winning eight, Wales two, and one being drawn.

MANSION HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Tyler, on Friday evening, Jan. 5, gave the customary Twelfth Night Eve fancy-dress ball to children. There were about eleven hundred guests assembled, including parents and other friends of the young ones. Much ingenuity, fancy, and taste had been expended in devising a great variety of pretty costumes for boys and girls, representing many foreign nations, different historical periods, classes, trades, and industries of picturesque figure, and imaginary persons of romance, poetry, and faery, innocent characters, with the personifications of abstract graces, virtues, and mental faculties. One little girl came out as the Art of Music; another was clad in an imitation of Nature's work, the Spider's Web; others appeared as Snow and Ice, or as the Four Seasons; and Christmas had not a few representatives. There was dancing to the strains of the Coldstream Guards' band; and there were Punch-and-Judy exhibitions by Mr. Day, conjuring by Professor Proskaner, Signor Rozella's marionettes, juggling and shadowgraph by Mr. Trewar, and the Anglo-American Minstrels. The children marched in procession before the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the Egyptian Hall.

"HONEYSUCKLE."

The old-fashioned legend which attaches to the honeysuckle, and is still traceable in its German popular name, was probably in Mr. Prescott-Davies' mind when he painted the portrait study we present as a Supplement to this issue. The artist has, however, given his figure the classic surroundings of "twisted eglantine" which form a golden coronet above her black hair. Mr. Prescott-Davies is a careful draughtsman and a conscientious painter, and he deserves the more credit for the stand he makes against the tendency of the day towards scamped work. The followers of old traditions are getting scarcer each year, and, ready as we may be to admit the pitfalls which beset the path of the Academic artists, we cannot but recognise the services they render to art by maintaining a high standard of technical knowledge and skill.



PROFESSOR DEWAR'S LECTURES TO CHILDREN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.



INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH (ENGLAND v. WALES) ON JAN. 6, AT BIRKENHEAD PARK: FIRST TRY FOR ENGLAND.

"A magnificent piece of play. Wells at last came away with a fine run, three parts the length of the field, and when collared, passed to Hooper; who transferred, when a few yards from goal line, to Murfitt, for the latter to run in between the posts."



R. Caton Woodville

ON THE WAY TO THE DECOYS.

PERSONAL.

The late Earl of Lovelace, who died at the advanced age of eighty-eight, was known to the world of letters as

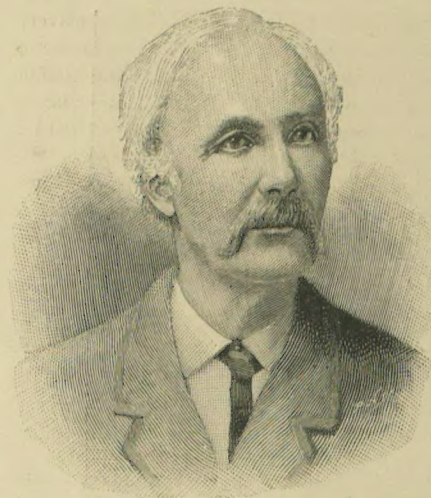


Photo by La Jeune, Naples.
THE LATE EARL OF LOVELACE.

the husband of Byron's only child, "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"; but to an earlier generation he manifested qualities which showed great activity and versatility of mind, and won for him considerable distinction. Born in 1805, he made his mark at Cambridge, where he obtained the Gold Medal for oratory,

and his aptitude for public affairs led to his appointment as Secretary of the Ionian Islands Commission, of which Lord Nugent was the head. For his services in connection with this Commission Mr. King-Noel, who had succeeded his father as the eighth Baron King in 1833, was created Viscount Ockham and Earl of Lovelace in 1838. By his marriage with the Hon. Augusta Ada Byron he had three children: William, Lord Ockham, who died in 1865; Ralph, Lord Wentworth, the present Earl of Lovelace; and Anne Isabella, who married Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Of Lord Lovelace's second marriage with Jane, widow of Edward Jenkins, there is one child, Captain the Hon. Lionel King-Noel.

Lord Lovelace's ancestry shows an interesting mingling of royalty and philosophy. He was descended from Henry VII. through Lady Catherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane Grey, and he was great-great-grandnephew, on the maternal side, of John Locke. His own intellectual tastes exhibited a wide equipment. He was equally interested in architecture, forestry, engineering, and practical local government; and in his early days he had given much attention to Oriental research, had travelled up the Nile at a time when such an expedition was uncommon for Europeans, had a fluent command of modern Greek, and knew intimately men like Mehemet Ali, who played a notable part in Eastern affairs. When a commoner he had sat in Parliament for Knaresborough, then a pocket borough, and the year following his elevation to the Peerage he moved the Address in the House of Lords, where he became a strong advocate of the repeal of the Corn Laws. Lord Lovelace's interest in science was very varied. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and received the Telford Silver Medal from the Institution of Civil Engineers and a diploma from the Society of Civil Engineers in France. As a practical architect, he had marked taste and originality, and he delighted in bridge-building and road-making on his own estates. In the details of county government he was most energetic to the last. In his eighty-fifth year he was elected an alderman of the County of Surrey, and frequently travelled all night from Ross-shire to attend important meetings. He was Lord Lieutenant of Surrey for more than forty years, and set a notable example of high intelligence and devotion in the discharge of civic duty.

Had the managers of the Chicago Exhibition been able to forecast the weather, they might safely have kept the exhibition open till the middle of November, which would have turned a not unsatisfactory financial result into an appreciable success. The weather remained fine during November, and the strength of the buildings was not tested until the beginning of December, when there was an unusually heavy fall of snow, which, melting on the upper roof of the Liberal Arts building, slid down to the lower roof and made a great hole in it. The managers, however, neither reaped the advantage of the good weather nor of the aid towards demolition given by the bad, for they turned the buildings over to the Jackson Park Commissioners, together with £40,000, in order to be rid of the trouble and expense of removing the White City. The Commissioners are putting up the "materials" to auction, those which the fire has not destroyed.

Maurus Jókai, the Hungarian novelist, whose "literary jubilee" is being celebrated this week, is a brilliant and



Photo by E. Ede, Budapest.
MAURUS JÓKAI.

sequently he was pardoned, and allowed to resume his literary and journalistic career in Pesth; but

he was more than once imprisoned for his outspoken denunciations of the Viennese *camarilla*. He has written plays, essays, and newspaper articles, and more particularly an enormous number of novels illustrating almost every phase of Hungarian life. Jókai's stories are of very unequal merit, but the best of them are written with extraordinary verve, humour, and dramatic power, and are immensely popular not only in Hungary, where the author is idolised, but also in Germany.

The "jubilee" of this able and industrious man of letters is being honoured not only in his native country, but by a small group of his admirers in Great Britain. It is said that the latter contemplate issuing a complete translation of Jókai's works. The project is not very reasonable. Jókai's works form a library in themselves, and many of them are of purely local interest, and would scarcely repay the trouble of translation. But there is no doubt that the best of Jókai's novels ought to be better known than they are, and though they are accessible in German not everybody cares to read novels in that language. Meanwhile English readers can form some idea of Jókai's piquant style and method from a translation of "Timar's Two Worlds" by Mrs. Hegan Kennard, issued by Messrs. Blackwood about five years ago, and by a story, translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, under the title of "Eyes Like the Sea," which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have just published. This last-named book is a sort of fantastic autobiographical romance, and contains many facts of interest about the author and his political and literary career.

Londoners have again been experiencing the truth of the adage that rain is the only scavenger of their great city. A fall of snow, which in Paris or New York would be cleared away in a twinkling, is left to clog our streets with mud until a merciful downpour of rain carries it off. It is no answer to say that London is much larger than Paris and New York. The fact is that no real effort is made by the local authorities to cleanse the thoroughfares. The suffering inflicted on horses, and the discomfort and even danger to pedestrians, are of small account to the vestries, who appear to think that it is waste of money to remove the snow on a weekday and irreligious on Sunday. An engineer of one vestry is reported to have laid in a stock of salt for putting on the roadway in frosty weather. It would be interesting to know whether this has been used, and what success it had, or whether it is still in the salt-cellar. All the Londoners know is that the streets have been indescribably filthy and dangerous, and that no adequate means for keeping them clean has ever been employed by the administrative genius under which they are privileged to live.

The Belgian Minister in London, Baron Solvyns, has not long survived Count Bylandt, the late Dutch Minister.

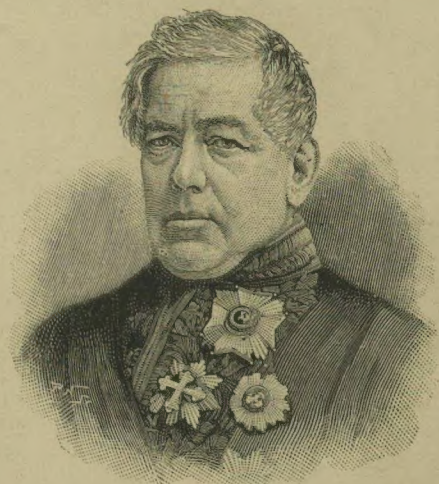


Photo by Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.
THE LATE BARON SOLVYNS.

British policy. At all critical periods of European history, the preservation of the independence of both those countries has been the aim of every English statesman worthy of conducting foreign affairs; it has aided in our resistance to the aggressions of Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV., and Napoleon, and our armies under the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington have fought successfully for that cause. We are, moreover, indebted to Flemish and Dutch commerce and industries, since the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for greater contributions to English prosperity and social progress than we have obtained from any other Continental nations. The late Baron Solvyns has for more than twenty years (succeeding M. Van de Weyer) ably and acceptably represented the kingdom of Belgium at the Court of our Queen, and his decease is regretted by many personal friends. He had married an American lady, whom he met when he was Secretary of the Belgian Legation at Washington.

The Crewes of Crewe Hall have been notable people for some two or three centuries, and, so far as the direct line is concerned, are now, by the recent death of Hungerford, the third Baron, extinct. No one member of the family has achieved greatness, but "eminence" may not be denied to the late Lord Crewe. His father was the "Master Crewe" of Reynolds's very famous picture, and the same painter's "Lady Crewe as Shepherdess of the Alps" represented his grandmother, formerly described as "Mrs. Crewe, Buff and Blue." For the Crewes have been faithful to the Whig, the Liberal, even the Radical causes "all the time" since the days when, according to Sir G. Trevelyan, the first peer allowed Charles James Fox £1200 a year. It is on record in more than one of "the books" that the late Lord Crewe was a dandy and a beau in the days of his youth, that he was regarded for the greater part of his life as a *parti*—yet he remained a bachelor.

For many years past, however, Lord Crewe had been considered by a new generation as something of an eccentric. No words could give an adequate idea of the singularity of his attire and aspect and the quaintness of his bearing. In

the daytime he adopted either an old-fashioned dress-coat, or a "frock" of equally antique cut, with a high collar, side pockets with flaps, and "slit" cuffs. Not unfrequently this garment was adorned with a buttonhole on both sides of the wearer's chest. White gloves and a remarkable, probably beaver, hat crowned this sartorial edifice. He lounged rather than walked along street and in the park, and his self-communings were generally distinctly audible.

Cumberland and Westmoreland mountaineering in winter has its attractions for some hardy pedestrians of our acquaintance who find the snow landscapes of that region far more sublime than its aspects in summer. But it is a sad fate to die upon those lofty slopes and crags; and Professor Arthur Milnes Marshall is a loss to Manchester society, and to zoological science, no-wise redeemed by the distinction of having climbed Scawfell at Christmas. Apparently however, the fall by which he was killed might as easily have happened at any other season of the year. He was passing the holidays with a party of friends at Wastdale Head. The second son of Mr. W. P. Marshall, formerly secretary to the Institution of Civil Engineers, he was born in 1852, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was senior in the Natural Sciences Tripos, afterwards taking the degree of Doctor of Science in the London University. He was elected a Fellow of St. John's. In 1879 he was appointed Professor of Zoology at Owens College, Manchester, and he bore an active part in arranging the courses of study for the Victoria University.

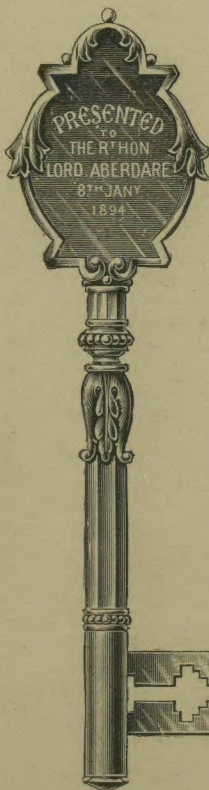


Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.
THE LATE PROFESSOR A. MILNES MARSHALL.

In addition to his other gifts, Max O'Rell has a very pretty tact. Nothing is so dangerous for a traveller as the expression of opinion about the women of various nationalities. Yet Max O'Rell has performed the almost incredible task of lecturing about Frenchwomen, Englishwomen, and American women without offending the most patriotic sensibilities, and with the most absolute impartiality. Of his own countrywomen, Max O'Rell, like a good Frenchman, is careful to say that they are not frivolous, but the guides, philosophers, and friends of their husbands, the best counsellors in commercial affairs, and the best managers in the household. In England a married woman usually knows nothing of her husband's business, but a Frenchwoman knows everything. It is in America, however, that this French observer has found the highest supremacy of woman, and of the fair Americans he says many agreeable things. If any Englishwoman feels any jealousy on this score, let her be consoled by the fact that to her sex in England Max O'Rell awards the palm of beauty.

The South Wales and Monmouthshire Truant Schools were opened by the Right Honourable Lord Aberdare on Jan. 8. The committee marked the occasion by presenting his Lordship with a very handsome, massive, 18-carat gold key, and entrusted the order to J. W. Benson, the well-known goldsmith and jeweller of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, London. It has a richly chased scroll-head, with fluted pillar, and bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Committee to the Right Hon. Lord Aberdare, G.C.B., on his opening the South Wales and Monmouthshire Truant Schools, 8th January, 1894."

Mr. George Kennan, who gave a lecture at a meeting of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom on Jan. 8, is perhaps the most formidable arraigner of the Russian Government at the bar of civilised opinion. Attempts have been made to discredit Mr. Kennan. Madame de Novikoff once announced that she had discovered an error in his geography. A Russian attaché at Washington, acting, no doubt, on instructions from St. Petersburg, endeavoured to controvert Mr. Kennan by a series of official assertions, which the American traveller had no difficulty in riddling. In his recent lecture Mr. Kennan dwelt on the sufferings of the exiles in the Siberian prisons. Many of them are women, insufficiently clad, and too delicate to withstand the privations to which they are subjected by the severity of the climate and the brutality of the official regulations. During his visit to the mines Mr. Kennan was under close supervision, but he contrived to obtain interviews with some of the prisoners, and letters full of heart-breaking revelations. The only explanation vouchsafed by the Russian apologists is that these statements are fabricated by the exiles, or by Mr. Kennan, who, by the way, when he first went to Russia, was strongly biased in favour of the Government against the Nihilists.



HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Hereditary Princess of Saxo-Meiningen. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, on Jan. 8, left Osborne House. The Prince of Wales, on the same day, went to Belvoir Castle, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. The Duke of York has accepted the chairmanship of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are visiting the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg (Edinburgh) at Clarence House.

Mr. H. J. Torr (Gladstonian) and Lord Willoughby de Eresby (Conservative) were nominated on Saturday, Jan. 6, as candidates for the representation of the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire. The polling was fixed for Thursday, Jan. 11.

It is stated that the Admiralty have resolved on the construction of five first-class battle-ships of the Magnificent class, four gun-boats of a new type, and thirty-two torpedo-boat destroyers, instead of twenty, as was originally contemplated. The construction of the two swift cruisers Powerful and Terrible is also to be taken in hand.

At a general assembly of Royal Academicians and Associates, held on Jan. 9, Mr. John S. Sargent, painter; Mr. Frank Bramley, painter; and Mr. G. G. Frampton, sculptor, were elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

During the first week of the working of the Manchester Ship Canal twenty-nine vessels, carrying 17,000 tons of merchandise, were berthed in the Manchester and Salford docks. There was also a considerable passenger traffic.

A severe north-easterly gale prevailed in and around London on Jan. 4, followed by a heavy snowfall, and the cold was intense, 32 deg. of frost being registered in some districts. There was a good deal of ice in the Thames, and at Kingston, Hampton, and other points the river was frozen over. Skating was general in the Fen districts. Most of the ornamental and other waters in the metropolitan districts were bearing skaters. Several deaths from exposure to the cold are reported from different parts of the country. Roads were blocked with snow, and on one or two railways traffic had to be suspended from the same cause. The weather changed on Monday afternoon, Jan. 8, and the next day there was a general thaw.

During a violent gale on the southern coast of Ireland on Jan. 8, a Belfast barque, the Colleen, from Talcuane for Queens-town, with wheat, was driven ashore on the rocks near Ballycotton, and soon began to break up. Four of the crew were rescued by the coastguard, but ten, including the captain, were drowned.

A meeting of the members of the London Chamber of Commerce was held on Jan. 3 under the presidency of Sir A. Rollit, M.P., to consider the report of the Select Committee on Railway Rates. The chairman, after reviewing the conclusions of the report, advocated legislation on the lines it suggested, and a resolution in that sense was carried.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians has held its ninth annual conference of this society at Scarborough. Sir Joseph Barnby presided, and delivered an address, in which he reviewed the recent progress of music in England.

A disastrous military blunder on the part of French officers and native troops in West Africa, near the frontier between the Senegal and the Gambia and Sierra Leone territories, has cost several valuable British lives. We have pretty full details of the unfortunate collision, which occurred at Warina, in the Conno country, on Dec. 23. The British troops, under Colonel Ellis, were in camp, when they were suddenly attacked, early in the morning, in the dark, by a French party, under Lieutenant Maritz, from Port Farana, composed of thirty Senegalese sharpshooters and 1200 native auxiliaries. Our troops, though taken by surprise and greeted with a heavy fire, seem to have replied vigorously. The assailants were repelled, and the French commander, mortally wounded, was brought into the British camp, where he died a few hours later. He explained that he and his followers had mistaken the white campaigning costume of the British officers for the dress of Arab chiefs who were supposed to be commanding a force of Sofas. He also said his native allies had assured him that the British were Sofas. Our loss is reported by Colonel Ellis to be two lieutenants, R. E. Liston and C. Wroughton, a sergeant-major and four privates, of the West India Regiment, and Captain E. A. W. Lendy and two privates of the constabulary killed, and eighteen men wounded. On the other side, besides Lieutenant Maritz, ten of the Senegalese were killed. Captain Lendy was Inspector-General of the Frontier Police.

The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies re-assembled on Jan. 9, after the Christmas holidays. The trial of Vaillant, the Anarchist who threw the dynamite bomb into the Chamber of Deputies, began next day. The Government has sent an order to the sorters of letters on the railways to seize all letters addressed to certain Anarchists. This order is given in virtue of a demand by M. Meyer, the Examining Magistrate. Among the names of the persons whose letters are to be seized are those of most of the Anarchists now in prison, and those of the members of the Reclus family, Louise Michel, Luigi Barmeggiani, Charles Malato, and Prince Kropotkin, most of whom are residing in London.

The Italian Government has still to deal with formidable agrarian riots in Sicily, almost amounting to local insurrection. This has spread to Calabria and Puglia, on the Neapolitan mainland. On Jan. 8 the town of Ruvo di Puglia, in the district of Barletta, was the scene of serious rioting, only quelled by the arrival of troops from Bari. The mob commenced by smashing and burning the sentry boxes of the Octroi Guards, and then set fire to the Town-hall, the offices of the collector and receiver of taxes, the building containing the public registers and archives, and the Union Club House. They next tore up the railway and tram lines, cut the telegraph wires, and finally assailed the gendarmerie barracks with showers of stones, only desisting when the gendarmerie fired upon them. Order was finally restored on the arrival of a detachment of troops from Bari. One person was killed and four were wounded; twenty-six arrests were made. Nine prisoners, however, succeeded in making their escape.

The Italian police at Rome have searched the lodgings of many suspected Anarchists, and made an important discovery at a house in the Via Torina, where they seized 10,000 revolutionary manifestoes, as well as a list referring to a quantity of arms, none of which, however, could be found, and a complete list of the bombs lately exploded in Rome. A statement was found specifying the outrages in contemplation, the precise locality being mentioned in each case.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MISS ADA REHAN AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

During the late fearful storm on the Black Sea four steamers were lost, one English, one Greek, and two Russians. The crews were saved.

The buildings erected last year for the great American International Exhibition or World's Fair at Chicago were visited on the night of Jan. 8 by a destructive fire. It broke out in the Casino, and spread to the Peristyle, the Music Hall, and the Great Liberal Arts Building. These were destroyed; the value of the exhibition articles they contained, not yet removed, was 100,000 dollars; and the contents of the Liberal Arts Building, about one million dollars. The exhibitors complain that the removal of their articles had been delayed by the obstructive regulations of the Customs authorities, thus leaving no remedy against the Government or the managers of the Exhibition. The losses of the insurance companies are estimated as follows: Spanish, \$300,000; French, \$200,000; German, \$150,000; and British, \$100,000.

The United States Treasury report for the past six months shows that the receipts were £151,715,445 and the expenses \$189,379,774; there is a deficit of \$37,664,329. Compared with the same period in the previous year the revenues have declined by \$42,535,595. The deficit for January will probably be \$12,000,000, and that for the whole fiscal year \$75,000,000. This state of affairs makes the officials of the Treasury anxious to secure relief by borrowing money. The exports from the United States during November were large, but the imports were the smallest over a long period. The credit balance of foreign trade against the United States exceeded forty-two million dollars.

MISS ADA REHAN IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Augustin Daly has given us the rich result of another labour of love. I can conceive his profound disappointment when all the care bestowed recently on "The Foresters" of the late Lord Tennyson was comparatively wasted. To an ideal Maid Marian he added the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, scenes worthy of any "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a wealth of imagination and fancy that we are not accustomed to find nowadays except at Mr. Henry Irving's Lyceum. But Mr. Daly was not to be daunted. He had the earnestness of his own convictions, and so he has given us a stage version of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" which I am certain is the best I have ever seen in my time. When Adelaide Neilson was starring at the old Haymarket there was no attempt made to give any very special adornment to the old comedy poem. It was strongly but roughly bound, little more. The days of John Baldwin Buckstone were not the days of any special decoration, and it never occurred to the good old fellow to do more for "Twelfth Night" than had been done times out of number. If the acting was not good enough to attract the public, then the play might conveniently be placed on the shelf again. Adelaide Neilson's Viola was, all the same, a very delightful personation, and it made its mark without special scenery or familiar songs. The revival of "Twelfth Night" at the Lyceum is a more modern recollection. It was not the most successful of Henry Irving's Shaksperian revivals, although the Viola of Ellen Terry and the Sebastian of her brother, Fred Terry, will not readily be forgotten. The attempt to star out Malvolio, and give him a special importance and prominence, was not a happy one; and the scene of poor Malvolio's incarceration, long drawn out, provoked the irritation and anger of a not very sympathetic audience.

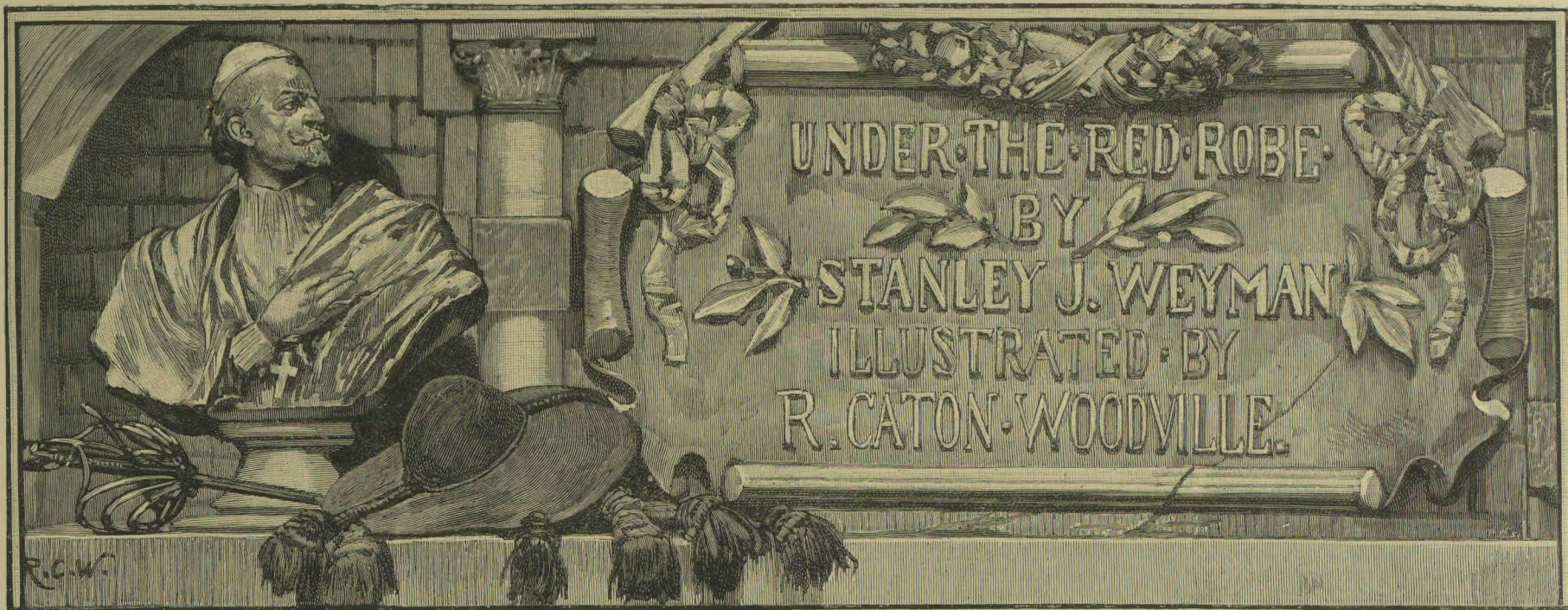
Mr. Augustin Daly has, however, discovered the golden mean, and so we have a performance as complete, admirable, and harmonious as anyone can desire. Romance and idealism come in their full flower, thanks to Miss Ada Rehan, whose Viola is among the best things she has ever given to the English stage, and she has a charming handmaid in the same art, thanks to the gentleness, the persuasiveness, and the poetry of Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The great difficulty with Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" is, of course, the comic business. Indeed, it is the comic element that frightens every reviver of Shakspeare's plays. Modern humour and Shaksperian wit are not in accord, and, unless the greatest care is taken, the fancifulness and the grace of Viola and Olivia, the charm of the Duke and Sebastian, the network of love that is cast over them and enmeshes them all, are hunted out of court by an exaggerated Malvolio, a noisy Sir Toby Belch, a pantomimic Sir Andrew Aguecheek, or a burlesqued Maria. Mr. Augustin Daly has kept down this excess with a master hand. None of the comic characters may come up to our expectations, but of a certainty they never offend. There may have been better Malvolios, better Sir Tobys, better Sir Andrews, and better Marias; but I will stake my word that never have they all so thoroughly subordinated themselves to the harmonious symmetry of the play. They worked not for themselves but for the general credit and welfare of the composition. But if I were asked what was the *cachet* of Mr. Daly's success after Miss Ada Rehan's Viola, I should say the music. The old familiar Shaksperian tunes are exquisitely rendered. I can conceive no more beautiful and fanciful pictures than that of the love-sick Duke surrounded by lutes and minstrels obeying his command—"If music be the food of love, play on," or the still more enchanting one of Viola, dressed as the page Cesario, dreaming in the moonlight, while the choir of retainers sing, "Who is Sylvia?" and the passionate Countess leans over the bed of roses to print a kiss upon the boy's fair brow. Nor are the bacchanalian ditties less neglected. The old catches and tavern songs are given with infinite spirit, and the whole concludes with the enchanting clown's song—

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

This epilogue is as graceful and appropriate as Mr. Irving's climax to "Much Ado About Nothing"—to my mind one of the most beautiful and complete Shaksperian revivals that he ever gave to us.

Miss Ada Rehan has the art of comedy at her fingers' ends. Her Viola is an enchantment, so well does she understand the grace of fantasy. As in Rosalind, so here, she can play a boy without once losing her feminine attributes. Swagger as she will, there is no trace of vulgarity or excess in any movement or gesture. The charm of womanhood is above everything. Her love for the Duke is "too deep for tears." Feminine curiosity leads Viola to the very portals of Olivia's boudoir, but it is only curiosity after all. "She never told her love," but the story of it is an enchanting study. Of all the Violas of our time, Ada Rehan is the most consistent, womanly, and spiritual. She is not an actress, but a woman. She is not assuming a character: she is its life and breath.





CHAPTER II.

AT THE GREEN PILLAR.

Cocheforêt lies in a billowy land of oak and beech and chestnut—a land of deep, leafy bottoms and hills clothed with forest. Ridge and valley, glen and knoll, the woodland, sparsely peopled and more sparsely tilled, stretches away to the great snow mountains that here limit France. It swarms with game—with wolves and bears, deer and boars. To the end of his life I have heard that the great King loved this district, and would sigh, when years and State fell heavily on him, for the beech-groves and box-covered hills of South Béarn. From the terraced steps of Auch you can see the forest roll away in light and shadow, vale and upland, to the base of the snow-peaks; and, though I come from Brittany and love the smell of the salt wind, I have seen few sights that outdo this.

It was the second week in October when I came to Cocheforêt, and, dropping down from the last wooded brow, rode quietly into the place at evening. I was alone, and had ridden all day in a glory of ruddy beech-leaves, through the silence of forest roads, across clear brooks and glades still green. I had seen more of the quiet and peace of the country than had been my share since boyhood, and I felt a little melancholy; it might be for that reason, or because I had no great taste for the task before me—the task now so imminent. In good faith, it was not a gentleman's work, look at it how you might.

But beggars must not be choosers, and I knew that this feeling would pass away. At the inn, in the presence of others, under the spur of necessity, or in the excitement of the chase, were that once begun, I should lose the feeling. When a man is young, he seeks solitude: when he is middle-aged he flies it and his thoughts. I made without ado for the Green Pillar, a little inn in the village street, to which I had been directed at Auch, and, thundering on the door with the knob of my riding-switch, railed at the man for keeping me waiting.

Here and there at hovel doors in the street—which was a mean, poor place, not worthy of the name—men and women looked out at me suspiciously. But I affected to ignore them; and at last the host came. He was a fair-haired man, half Basque, half Frenchman, and had scanned me well, I was sure, through some window or peephole; for, when he came out, he betrayed no surprise at the sight of a well-dressed stranger—a portent in that out-of-the-way village—but eyed me with a kind of sullen reserve.

"I can lie here to night, I suppose?" I said, dropping the reins on the sorrel's neck. The horse hung its head.

"I don't know," he answered stupidly.

I pointed to the green bough which topped a post that stood opposite the door.

"This is an inn, is it not?" I said.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "It is an inn. But —"

"But you are full, or you are out of food, or your wife is ill, or something else is amiss," I answered peevishly. "All the same, I am going to lie here. So you must make the best of it, and your wife too — if you have one."

He scratched his head, looking at me with an ugly glitter in his eyes. But he said nothing, and I dismounted.

"Where can I stable my horse?" I asked.

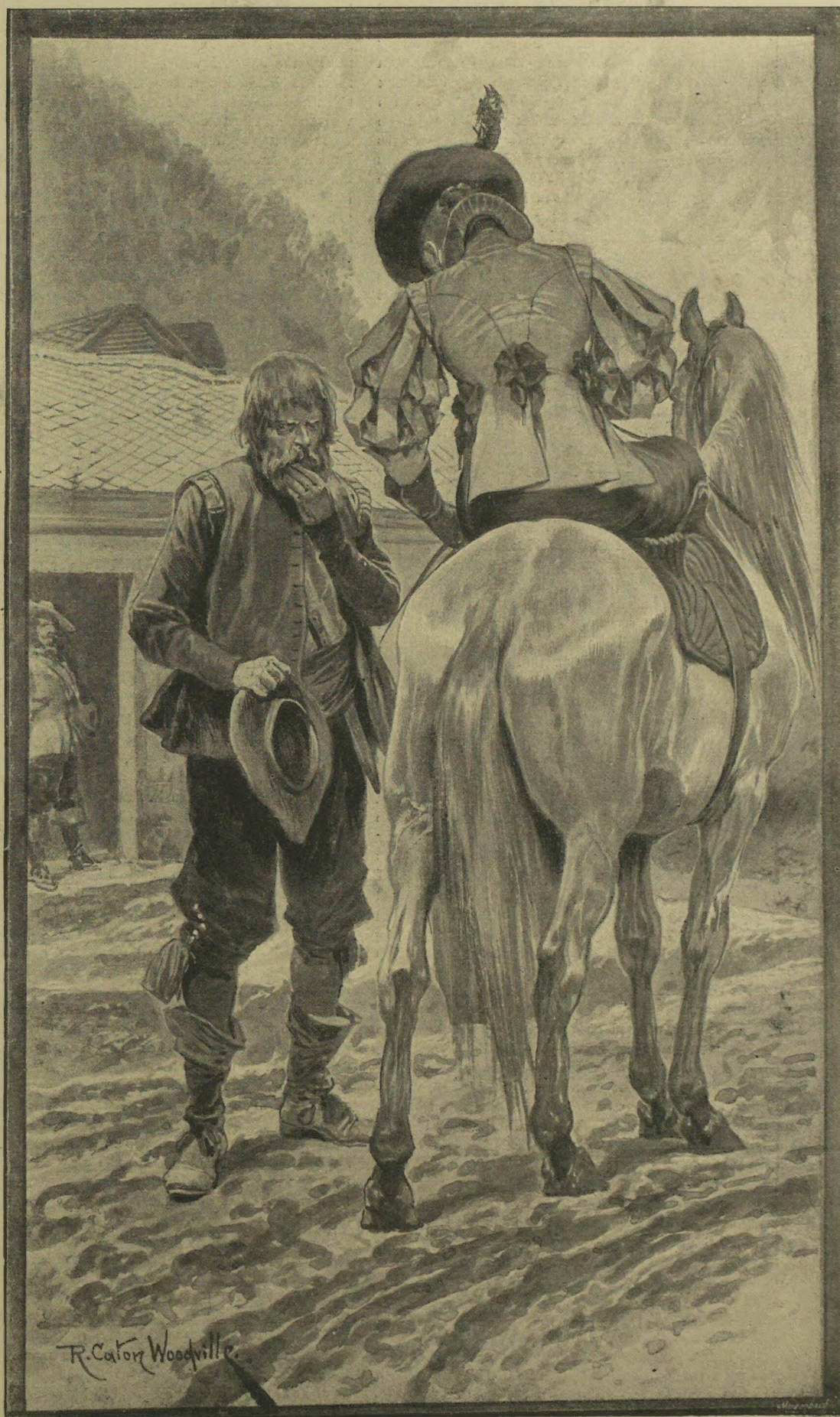
"I'll put it up," he answered sullenly, stepping forward and taking the reins in his hands.

"Very well," I said. "But I go with you. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and wherever I go I see my horse fed."

"It will be fed," he said shortly. And then he waited for me to go into the house. "The wife is in there," he continued, looking at me stubbornly.

"*Imprimis*—if you understand Latin, my friend," I answered, "the horse in the stall."

As if he saw it was no good, he turned the sorrel slowly round, and began to lead it across the village street. There was a shed behind



She called to the innkeeper to come to her stirrup.

the inn, which I had already marked and taken for the stable; and I was surprised when I found he was not going there. But I made no remark, and in a few minutes saw the horse well stabled in a hovel which seemed to belong to a neighbour.

This done, the man led the way back to the inn, carrying my valise.

"You have no other guests?" I said with a casual air. I knew he was watching me closely.

"No," he answered.

"This is not much in the way to anywhere, I suppose?"

"No."

That was evident; a more retired place I never saw. The hanging woods, rising steeply to a great height, so shut the valley in that I was puzzled to think how a man could leave it save by the road I had come. The cottages, which were no more than mean, small huts, ran in a straggling double line, with many gaps—through fallen trees and ill-cleared meadows. Among them a noisy brook ran in and out. And the inhabitants—charcoal-burners, or swineherds, or poor people of the like class, were no better than their dwellings. I looked in vain for the Château. It was not to be seen, and I dared not ask for it.

The man led me into the common room of the tavern—a low-roofed, poor place, lacking a chimney or glazed windows, and grimy with smoke and use. The fire—a great half-burned tree—smouldered on a stone hearth, raised a foot from the floor. A huge black pot simmered over it, and beside one window lounged a country fellow talking with the goodwife. In the dusk I could not see his face, but I gave the woman a word, and sat down to wait for my supper.

She seemed more silent than the common run of women; but this might be because her husband was present. While she moved about, getting my meal, he took his place against the door-post and fell to staring at me so persistently that I felt by no means at my ease. He was a tall, strong fellow, with a rough moustache and brown beard, cut in the mode *Henri Quatre*; and on the subject of that king—a safe one, I knew, with a *Barnais*—and on that alone, I found it possible to make him talk. Even then there was a suspicious gleam in his eyes that bade me abstain from questions; and as the darkness deepened behind him, and the firelight played more and more strongly on his features, and I thought of the leagues of woodland that lay between this remote valley and Auch, I recalled the Cardinal's warning that if I failed in my attempt I should be little likely to trouble Paris again.

The lout by the window paid no attention to me; nor I to him, when I had once satisfied myself that he was really what he seemed to be. But by and by two or three men—rough, uncouth fellows—dropped in to reinforce the landlord, and they, too, seemed to have no other business than to sit in silence looking at me, or now and again to exchange a word in a *patois* of their own. By the time my supper was ready, the knaves numbered six in all; and, as they were armed to a man with huge Spanish knives, and evidently resented my presence in their dull rustic fashion—every rustic is suspicious—I began to think that, unwittingly, I had put my head into a wasp's nest.

Nevertheless, I ate and drank with apparent appetite; but little that passed within the circle of light cast by the smoky lamp escaped me. I watched the men's looks and gestures at least as sharply as they watched mine; and all the time I was racking my wits for some mode of disarming their suspicions—or failing that, of learning something more of the position, which, it was clear, far exceeded in difficulty and danger anything I had expected. The whole valley, it would seem, was on the look-out to protect my man!

I had purposely brought with me from Auch a couple of bottles of choice Armagnac; and these had been carried into the house with my saddle-bags. I took one out now and opened it, and carelessly offered a dram of the spirit to the landlord. He took it. As he drank it, I saw his face flush; he handed back the cup reluctantly, and on that hint I offered him another. The strong spirit was already beginning to work. He accepted, and in a few minutes began to talk more freely and with less of the constraint which had marked us. Still, his tongue ran chiefly on questions—he would know this, he would learn that; but even this was a welcome change. I told him openly whence I had come, by what road, how long I had stayed in Auch, and where; and so far I satisfied his curiosity. Only when I came to the subject of my visit to Cocheforêt I kept a mysterious silence, hinting darkly at business in Spain and friends across the border, and this and that, and giving the peasants to understand, if they pleased, that I was in the same interest as their exiled master.

They took the bait, winked at one another, and began to look at me in a more friendly way—the landlord foremost. But when I had led them so far, I dared go no farther, lest I should commit myself and be found out. I stopped, therefore, and, harking back to general subjects, chanced to compare my province with theirs. The landlord, now become almost talkative, was not slow to take up this challenge; and it presently led to my acquiring a curious piece of knowledge. He was boasting of his great snow mountains, the forests that propped them, the bears that roamed in them, the izards that loved the ice, and the boars that fed on the oak mast.

"Well," I said, quite by chance, "we have not these things, it is true. But we have things in the north you have not. We have tens of thousands of good horses—not such ponies as you breed here. At the horse fair at Fécamp my sorrel would be lost in the crowd. Here in the south you will not meet his match in a long day's journey."

"Do not make too sure of that!" the man replied, his eyes bright with triumph and the dram. "What would you say if I showed you a better—in my own stable?"

I saw that his words sent a kind of thrill through his other hearers, and that such of them as understood—for two or three of them talked their *patois* only—looked at him angrily; and in a twinkling I began to comprehend. But I affected dulness, and laughed scornfully.

"Seeing is believing," I said. "I doubt if you know a good horse here when you see one, my friend."

"Oh, don't I?" he said, winking. "Indeed!"

"I doubt it," I answered stubbornly.

"Then come with me, and I will show you one," he retorted, discretion giving way to vainglory. His wife and the others, I saw, looked at him dumbfounded; but, without paying any heed to them, he took up a lantern, and, assuming an air of peculiar wisdom, opened the door. "Come with me," he continued. "I don't know a good horse when I see one, don't I? I know a better than yours, at any rate!"

I should not have been surprised if the other men had interfered; but—I suppose he was a leader among them, and they did not, and in a moment we were outside. Three paces through the darkness took us to the stable, an offset at the back of the inn. My man twirled the pin, and, leading the way in, raised his lantern. A horse whinnied softly, and turned its bright, soft eyes on us—a bald-faced chestnut, with white hairs in its tail and one white stocking.

"There!" my guide exclaimed, waving the lantern to and fro boastfully, that I might see its points. "What do you say to that? Is that an undersized pony?"

"No," I answered, purposely stinting my praise. "It is pretty fair—for this country."

"Or any country," he answered wrathfully. "Any country, I say—I don't care where it is! And I have reason to know! Why, man, that horse is— But there, that is a good horse, if ever you saw one!" And with that he ended abruptly and lamely; lowering the lantern with a sudden gesture, and turning to the door. He was on the instant in such hurry that he almost shouldered me out.

But I understood. I knew that he had nearly betrayed all—that he had been on the point of blurring out that that was M. de Cocheforêt's horse! M. Cocheforêt's, *comprenez bien*! And while I turned away my face in the darkness, that he might not see me smile, I was not surprised to find the man in a moment changed, and become, in the closing of the door, as sober and suspicious as before, ashamed of himself and enraged with me, and in a mood to cut my throat for a trifle.

It was not my cue to quarrel, however—anything but that. I made, therefore, as if I had seen nothing, and when we were back in the inn praised the horse grudgingly, and like a man but half convinced. The ugly looks and ugly weapons I saw around me were fine incentives to caution; and no Italian, I flatter myself, could have played his part more nicely than I did. But I was heartily glad when it was over, and I found myself, at last, left alone for the night in a little garret—a mere fowl-house—upstairs, formed by the roof and gable walls, and hung with strings of apples and chestnuts. It was a poor sleeping-place—rough, chilly, and unclean. I ascended to it by a ladder; my cloak and a little fern formed my only bed. But I was glad to accept it. It enabled me to be alone and to think out the position unwatched.

Of course M. Cocheforêt was at the Château. He had left his horse here, and gone up on foot: probably that was his usual plan. He was therefore within my reach, in one sense—I could not have come at a better time—but in another he was as much beyond it as if I were still in Paris. So far was I from being able to seize him that I dared not ask a question or let fall a rash word, or even look about me freely. I saw I dared not. The slightest hint of my mission, the faintest breath of distrust, would lead to throat-cutting—and the throat would be mine; while the longer I lay in the village, the greater suspicion I should incur, and the closer would be the watch kept over me.

In such a position some men might have given up the attempt and saved themselves across the border. But I have always valued myself on my fidelity, and I did not shrink. If not to-day, to-morrow; if not this time, next time. The dice do not always turn up aces. Bracing myself, therefore, to the occasion, I crept, as soon as the house was quiet, to the window, a small, square, open lattice, much cobwebbed, and partly stuffed with hay. I looked out. The village seemed to be asleep. The dark branches of trees hung a few feet away, and almost obscured a grey, cloudy sky, through which a wet moon sailed drearily. Looking downwards, I could at first see nothing; but as my eyes grew used to the darkness—I had only just put out my rushlight—I made out the stable-door and the shadowy outlines of the lean-to roof.

I had hoped for this. I could now keep watch, and learn at least whether Cocheforêt left before morning. If he did not I should know he was still here. If he did, I should be the better for seeing his features, and learning, perhaps, other things that might be of use.

Making up my mind to be uncomfortable, I sat down on the floor by the lattice, and began a vigil that might last, I knew, until morning. It did last an hour. At the end of that time I heard whispering below, then footsteps; then, as some persons turned a corner, a voice speaking aloud and carelessly. I could not catch the words spoken; but the voice was a gentleman's, and its bold accents and masterful tone left me in no doubt that the speaker was M. de Cocheforêt himself. Hoping to learn more, I pressed my face nearer to the opening, and I had just made out through the gloom two figures—one that of a tall, slight man, wearing a cloak, the other, I thought, a woman's, in a shabby white dress—when a thundering rap on the door of my garret made me spring back a yard from the lattice, and lie down hurriedly on my couch. The noise was repeated.

"Well?" I cried, cursing the untimely interruption. I was burning with anxiety to see more. "What is it? What is the matter?"

The trapdoor was lifted a foot or more. The landlord thrust up his head.

"You called, did you not?" he asked. He held up a rushlight, which illumined half the room and lit up his grinning face.

"Called—at this hour of the night, you fool?" I answered angrily. "No! I did not call. Go to bed, man!"

But he remained on the ladder, gaping stupidly.

"I heard you," he said.

"Go to bed! You are drunk!" I answered, sitting up.

"I tell you I did not call."

"Oh, very well," he answered slowly. "And you do not want anything?"

"Nothing—except to be left alone!" I replied sourly.

"Umph!" he said. "Good-night!"

"Good-night! Good-night!" I answered with what patience I might. The tramp of the horse's hoofs as it was led out of the stable was in my ear at the moment. "Good-night!" I continued feverishly, hoping he would still retire in time, and I have a chance to look out. "I want to sleep."

"Good," he said, with a broad grin. "But it is early yet, and you have plenty of time." And then, at last, he slowly let down the trapdoor, and I heard him chuckle as he went down the ladder.

Before he reached the bottom I was at the window. The woman whom I had seen still stood below, in the same place; and beside her a man in a peasant's dress, holding a lantern. But the man, the man I wanted to see was no longer there. And it was evident that he was gone; it was evident that the others no longer feared me, for while I gazed the landlord came out to them with another lantern, and said something to the lady, and she looked up at my window and laughed.

It was a warm night, and she wore nothing over her white dress. I could see her tall, shapely figure and shining eyes, and the firm contour of her beautiful face; which, if any fault might be found with it, erred in being too regular. She looked like a woman formed by nature to meet dangers and difficulties; and even here, at midnight, in the midst of these desperate men, she seemed in place. It was possible that under her queenly exterior, and behind the contemptuous laugh with which she heard the landlord's story, there lurked a woman's soul capable of folly and tenderness. But no outward sign betrayed its presence.

I scanned her very carefully; and secretly, if the truth be told, I was glad to find Madame de Cocheforêt such a woman. I was glad that she had laughed as she had—that she was not a little, tender child-like woman, to be crushed by the first pinch of trouble. For if I succeeded in my task, if I—but, pish! Women, I said, were all alike. She would find consolation quickly enough.

I watched until the group broke up, and Madame, with one of the men, went her way round the corner of the inn, and out of my sight. Then I retired to bed again, feeling more than ever perplexed what course I should adopt. It was clear that, to succeed, I must obtain admission to the house. This was garrisoned, unless my instructions erred, by two or three old men-servants only, and as many women; since Madame, to disguise her husband's visits the more easily, lived, and gave out that she lived, in great retirement. To seize her husband at home, therefore, might be no impossible task; though here, in the heart of the village, a troop of horse might make the attempt, and fail.

But how was I to gain admission to the house—a house guarded by quick-witted women, and hedged in with all the precautions love could devise? That was the question; and dawn found me still debating it; still as far as ever from an answer. With the first light I was glad to get up. I thought that the fresh air might inspire me, and I was tired, besides, of my stuffy closet. I crept stealthily down the ladder, and managed to pass unseen through the lower room, in which several persons were snoring heavily. The outer door was not fastened, and in a hand-turn I stood in the street.

It was still so early that the trees stood up black against the reddening sky, but the bough upon the post before the door was growing green, and in a few minutes the grey light would be everywhere. Already even in the roadway there was a glimmering of it; and as I stood at the corner of the house—where I could command both the front and the side on which the stable opened—looking greedily for any trace of the midnight departure, my eyes detected something light-coloured lying on the ground. It was not more than two or three paces from me, and I stepped to it and picked it up curiously, hoping it might be a note. It was not a note, however, but a tiny orange-coloured sachet, such as women carry in the bosom. It was full of some faintly scented powder, and bore on one side the initial "E," worked in white silk; and was altogether a dainty little toy, such as women love.

Doubtless Madame de Cocheforêt had dropped it in the night. I turned it over and over; and then I put it away with a smile, thinking it might be useful some time, and in some way. I had scarcely done this, and turned with the intention of exploring the street, when the door behind me creaked on its leather hinges, and in a moment my host stood at my elbow.

Evidently his suspicions were again aroused, for from that time he managed to be with me, on one pretence or another, until noon. Moreover, his manner grew each moment more churlish, his hints plainer; until I could scarcely avoid noticing the one or the other. About midday, having followed me for the twentieth time into the street, he came at last to the point, by asking me rudely if I did not need my horse.

"No," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," he answered with an ugly smile, "this is not a very healthy place for strangers."

"Ah!" I retorted. "But the border air suits me, you see."

It was a lucky answer; for, taken with my talk of the night before, it puzzled him, by again suggesting that I was on the losing side, and had my reasons for lying near Spain. Before he had done scratching his head over it, the clatter of hoofs broke the sleepy quiet of the village street, and the lady I had seen the night before rode quickly round the corner, and drew her horse on to its haunches. Without looking at me, she called to the innkeeper to come to her stirrup.

He went. The moment his back was turned, I slipped away, and in a twinkling was hidden by a house. Two or three

glum-looking fellows stared at me as I passed, but no one moved; and in two minutes I was clear of the village, and in a half-worn track which ran through the wood, and led—if my ideas were right—to the Château. To discover the house and learn all that was to be learned about its situation was my most pressing need: even at the risk of a knife-thrust, I was determined to satisfy it.

I had not gone two hundred paces along the path before I heard the tread of a horse behind me, and I had just time to hide myself before Madame came up and rode by me, sitting her horse gracefully, and with all the courage of a northern woman. I watched her pass, and then, assured by her presence that I was in the right road, I hurried after her. Two minutes' walking at speed brought me to a light wooden bridge spanning a stream. I crossed this, and, the wood opening, saw before me first a wide pleasant meadow, and beyond this a terrace. On the terrace, pressed upon on three sides by thick woods, stood a grey mansion, with the corner

burgesses; and I was not long in guessing that my host, fearing what might leak out before them, and particularly that I might refer to the previous night's disturbance, was on tenterhooks while they remained.

For a time this did not suggest anything to me. But when we had all taken our seats for supper there came an addition to the party. The door opened, and the fellow whom I had seen the night before with Madame de Cocheforêt entered and took a stool by the fire. I felt sure that he was one of the servants at the Château; and in a flash his presence inspired me with the most feasible plan for obtaining admission which I had yet hit upon. I felt myself growing hot at the thought—it seemed so full of promise and of danger—and on the instant, without giving myself time to think too much, I began to carry it into effect.

I called for two or three bottles of better wine, and, assuming a jovial air, passed it round the table. When we had drunk a few glasses, I fell to talking, and, choosing politics,

LORD LYTTON'S "LUCILE."

Lucile. By the Earl of Lytton. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.)—The fundamental defects of the Earl of Lytton's "Lucile" were clearly perceived and frankly admitted by the author when he republished it. "The subject of it," he says, "is fitter for prose than for verse. The whole conception is inconsistent with the permanent conditions of poetic beauty." This is, unfortunately, true. "Lucile" is a novel of modern society in verse. The mere circumstance of writing in verse implies that the author desires permanence for his labours; but if this is rarely attainable for the modern novel, even with the unrestricted liberty allowed by the conditions of prose composition, it is little likely to be so when the author has voluntarily subjected himself to trammels which must necessarily interfere with the freedom of plot and dialogue; and



I made without ado for the Green Pillar, a little inn in the village street.

tourelles, steep, high roofs, and round balconies that men loved and built in the days of the first Francis.

It was of good size, but wore, I fancied, a gloomy aspect. A great yew hedge, which seemed to enclose a walk or bowling-green, hid the ground floor of the east wing from view, while a formal rose garden, stiff even in neglect, lay in front of the main building. The west wing, whose lower roofs fell gradually away to the woods, probably contained the stables and granaries.

I stood a moment only, but I marked all, and noted how the road reached the house, and which windows were open to attack; then I turned and hastened back. Fortunately, I met no one between the house and the village, and was able to enter the inn with an air of the most complete innocence.

Short as had been my absence, I found things altered there. Round the door loitered and chattered three strangers—stout, well-armed fellows, whose bearing suggested a curious mixture of smugness and independence. Half-a-dozen pack-horses stood tethered to the post in front of the house; and the landlord's manner, from being rude and churlish only, had grown perplexed and almost timid. One of the strangers, I soon found, supplied him with wine; the others were travelling merchants, who rode in the first one's company for the sake of safety. All were substantial men from Tarbes—solid

took the side of the Languedoc party and the malcontents in so reckless a fashion that the innkeeper was beside himself at my imprudence. The merchants, who belonged to the class with whom the Cardinal was always most popular, looked first astonished and then enraged. But I was not to be checked. Hints and sour looks were lost upon me. I grew more outspoken with every glass, I drank to the Rochellois, I swore it would not be long before they raised their heads again; and at last, while the innkeeper and his wife were engaged lighting the lamp, I passed round the bottle and called on all for a toast.

"I'll give you one to begin," I bragged, noisily. "A gentleman's toast! A southern toast! Here is confusion to the Cardinal, and a health to all who hate him!"

"Mon Dieu!" one of the strangers cried, springing from his seat in a rage. "I am not going to stomach that! Is your house a common treason-hole," he continued, turning furiously on the landlord, "that you suffer this?"

"Hoity-toity!" I answered, coolly keeping my seat. "What is all this? Don't you relish my toast, little man?"

"No—nor you!" he retorted hotly. "whoever you may be!"

"Then I will give you another," I answered, with a hiccup. "Perhaps it will be more to your taste. 'Here is the Duke of Orléans, and may he soon be King!'"

(To be continued.)

the subject-matter, moreover, if really true to modern manners, can but rarely possess the dignity and beauty which alone can justify the endeavour to invest it with poetic form. There remains one ground on which such a work, apart from the merit of isolated passages, may challenge admiration as a whole, as a brilliant *tour de force*. This "Lucile" certainly is: it probably has not now, and is not likely to have, any rival in the art of versifying ordinary narrative. It could only have been composed by a man gifted with an extraordinary faculty of language; a man, too, endowed with wit, fancy, an intimate acquaintance with life and manners, and ideal aspirations transcending anything that his actual circumstances could offer him. If the poetical epic of modern society had been a possibility, Lord Lytton would have achieved it; as it is, he has bequeathed the world in "Lucile" a striking evidence of his own talent; a seasonable admonition to other poetical architects to consider the foundations before beginning the edifice; and a number of beautiful passages, pathetic, humorous, or descriptive, which palliate and colour, though they cannot redeem, the original sin of experimenting in an illegitimate kind of literature.

R. GARNETT.



EXTREMES MEET.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXIV.

Compton Wynyates.

HIDDEN with the utmost care, as becomes a precious thing, there stands in a valley under the Edgehills one of the most beautiful houses in England: the ancient mansion of Compton Wynyates, which has been, since its building in (or before) 1520, a chief seat of the Comptons of Warwickshire. Six or seven miles from the nearest little town—Shipston-on-Stour or Kineton—it is

place of the moat which formerly went round the four sides of the square, and was only filled up during the present century—if William Howitt is to be believed, who says that he saw it when he visited Compton Wynyates, probably not before 1820.

Whether this moat was as old as the house one cannot say. It is possible, of course, that it may even have been older, since some have said that though the house was new in 1520 it was built on the site of a former home of the Comptons, and others maintain even that "the whole of the mansion bears evidences of an earlier date than Henry VIII." The royal arms, which are carved above the great doorway—beneath a crown, supported by a greyhound and a griffin, with on each side a rose and crown in panels—are, in fact, properly the arms of Henry VII.; but as his son, during the earlier part of his reign, bore these same arms, this does not prove much.

However, no one has as yet seriously attempted to disprove the commonly received history of this house of Compton Wynyates: that it was built not later than 1520 by William Compton, a friend of Henry VIII. in his boyhood, and the founder of the high fortunes of the Compton family.

But before one begins to tell the story of Compton Wynyates—Compton of the Vineyard, as some have interpreted it—let it be pointed out that the family is far older than the house. There are few among our English nobles who have shown a less vagabond spirit than the Comptons of this south-east corner of Warwickshire. The family may have taken its name from any of the five Comptons of the district: Fenny Compton, Compton Verney or Murdak, Long Compton, Compton Scorpion, or Compton Wynyates. (Or Winyate, Wingate, Vineyats, or Winiates—in all which various spellings the name is found.) Osbert of Compton—who thus described himself in the sixteenth century of Henry II.—may be reckoned the head of the family. He was son of Turchil of Arden, who found favour with William the Conqueror from the fact—not over-creditable to him on the face of it—that he had not helped King Harold in the defence of his country. From this Turchil, son of Alwyne, an unbroken descent is traced to William Douglas Maclean Compton, Marquis of Northampton, to-day owner of Compton Wynyates; and from the time of the builder of the present house, say for some four centuries, eldest son has succeeded eldest son with but four exceptions—thrice a brother followed a brother who left no child, and once a nephew inherited.

One cannot, in a limited space, follow this family step by step through the centuries, but of William Compton and his work a few words may be said; and then, wandering through the house, the chance associations of rooms, hints from heraldic bearings, or more visible tokens of the ups and downs of history, will bring to mind the stories of some of the more famous Comptons since his day—Spencer, the cavalier, William, the first Earl, and so forth. Though, indeed, the story of this English home has been even more varied and picturesque than that of its owners.

"The said William Compton"—builder of Compton Wynyates—"being but eleven years of age at his father's death, was in ward to King Henry VII., who appointed him to wait on his son, Henry, Duke of York, whereby he so demeaned himself that he grew into his especial favour"; and this was the beginning of his great fortunes. Henry VIII., ascending the throne, appointed him groom of his bedchamber, and they were comrades in many merry adventures. Once, especially, they secretly armed themselves and joined with much distinction in some jousts near Richmond; which ended, however, in a wound to Compton so grave that he was not far from dying of it, "which endeared him more to the King." Soon after he was made Groom of the Stole, and constable of the castle of Sudeley in Gloucestershire; and on all occasions the King "showed the great value he had for him." A special honour was the permission to add to the three helmets which had for centuries been the arms of the Comptons certain of the King's royal ensigns and devices: a lion passant, guardant, or, which may still be seen among the helmets, and for his crest a demi-dragon erased, Gules, with a coronet of gold upon a torse, Argent and Vert. In the fifth year of Henry's reign, William Compton led the rear-guard of the King's army at Therouenne, and, having valiantly behaved himself at the siege and in the Battle of the Spurs, obtained the honour of knighthood.

During the next twelve years he stood high in favour,

and was chosen to perform important services: the fact that Wolsey was jealous of him, and tried to get him out of the way, is perhaps proof enough of the position he had gained. In despite of my Lord Cardinal, he became immensely rich, holding estates in twenty counties; and he would in all probability have been made a peer, but that he died rather suddenly at forty-seven, a victim to the "sweating sickness" which then raged at Court, and which brought the King also within measurable distance of death's door.

The year of Sir William Compton's death, 1520, is also given as that of the completion of "the building of his house at Compton by Brayles," as Leland calls it. It is said that the older castle of Fulbrook, not far away, was "an eyesore to the Earles that lay in Warwick Castle, and was a cause of displeasure between each lord." Sir William was keeper of Fulbrook Park—which was afterwards the Lucys', and was broken into by a young deer-stealer from neighbouring Stratford—and, as he saw that the castle was going to ruin, he took a great part of it for the materials of his new house. The tall twisted chimneys of moulded brick were brought bodily from Fulbrook, according to this tradition—"removed whole, and conveyed to Compton upon scaffolds framed for the purpose."

There is much in the splendid quadrangle of Compton Wynyates of special interest as characteristic of the period in which it was built, the early years of the sixteenth century. With Henry VIII. we have feudal England passing away, modern England beginning; the Wars of the Roses were becoming an old wife's tale, the storm that was to burst over the monasteries was brewing. The mansions that men built now were not the castles of warrior-lords, but the homes of English statesmen; and here we find, accordingly, scarce a pretence of fortification, but all the picturesqueness and ornament of the beautiful brick houses just come into fashion. There are windows in the outer walls of the quadrangle, as well as in the inner; nor are even these outer windows raised high above the ground, as in an earlier time they would have been.

Of the four sides of the square, each has its character and each its special beauty. On each side the high roof runs along, a background to turret and tower and tall fantastic chimney; but on the east the chief ornament is a beautiful oriel window, flanked to the right by the great tower, whose lower room was called the prison, and set round with numberless smaller mullioned windows, cool in colour against the warmer brickwork, and here and there half-enclosed in the dark ivy. The narrow lawn, here as elsewhere, lies where was of old the moat; and above its sloping bank the garden, long needed, is now being laid out. Beyond this garden are pleasant park-like fields, set with great trees; though at Compton there is now, properly speaking, no park. This is no fault of the great Sir William, who got the King's license to "impark" certain grounds belonging to Compton Wynyates, with about two thousand acres of the neighbouring land.

The northern front is filled even more closely with straight, mullioned windows; it is said that there are now some three hundred windows at Compton Wynyates, of which only a very few were allowed to admit the light in the old bad days of the window tax. This side of the house is nearest to the range of hills which hedge in this corner of Warwickshire—"the Edgehills," still full of memories of the great battle fought along them from noon till sunset on an October Sunday in 1642. The country people talk of the fight familiarly; and the brave Spencer Compton's house reminds one at almost every step of the civil war in which he played a leading part.

Last we come to the west front, which is the kitchen-side, and, like many kitchen-sides, the most irregular and nearly the most picturesque of all; the more as one can look at it from across the shimmering moat, which still goes round three sides of the wide kitchen-gardens. And north-west at the back, as well as south-east at the front,



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

next to impossible to find. On all sides the ground slopes down to it—Compton in the Hole, old country people called the place: trees stand round it, nor is there any wide park as a setting for the great house: you get no glimpse of it until—passing by the stables and the little church in the grounds—you turn the corner of a little wood, and suddenly come out fully facing the chief front.

On a day of bright sunshine the beauty of the place is extraordinary. Gleaming a pale red against the deep greensward smooth at its feet and the blue sky, there is almost an enchanted splendour in this long line of square towers, gable-ends like those of some ancient cottage, turrets, twisted chimneys, wide level roof and embattled wings, sloping ever upward toward the east. The deep, broad doorway in the midst leads into a four-square court, round which the great house stands. The ruddier brickwork is relieved with greyish stone in the mullioned windows, and dark timbers across the gable-ends; here and there is ivy, with its depth of green; to the left of the house the fishponds glimmer, telling alike of the bygone moat, of which they doubtless made a part, and of the ancient religion and its fast-days; and behind and around are trees, now rich in their autumn liveries of gold and golden-brown, russet and red and copper, cinnamon and coffee, deepening almost to the brown of chocolate, with here and there a shade of lingering green. Almost, in this bright pale light, a palace for the Sleeping Beauty.

Yet is not "palace" the precise, the inevitable word for this ancient English house. The Comptons of Compton Wynyates have here, before all things, a home: of all the great mansions of Warwickshire, or of England, there is perhaps not another so homelike. To begin with, the unknown architect who built this house for William Compton had the secret of perfect proportion without regularity—a secret for the most part lost since his time. In this southern front the wide, low archway is nearly in the centre; there are narrow towers on each side of it, wide gabled wings to the right and left of these, and broader towers beyond; yet of these towers and wings no two are alike. From west to east the whole house sweeps upward, from the lower buildings of the left wing to the high group of tower, roof, and lofty chimneys at the south-eastern corner. It may be that to our nineteenth-century eyes the house's homely look comes chiefly, not from the warm red of the brick—here so happily faded, so lightened by the paler stone and speckled as it were with mortar: nor from the long, high-pitched roof that runs along behind battlement and turret: but from those timbered gable-ends—rich in the simplest and noblest of ornament—in which something cottage-like has been noted. Wherever the "half-timbered houses" of England are described, this house of Compton Wynyates is cited as one of the finest examples of its kind.

Round three sides of the house there runs a narrow, level lawn, to which a bank of grass slopes down from a higher grassy plain—in front a field, to the east a garden now in the making, which will give an added beauty and colour as it gleams behind the old low hedge of yew. This smooth, bright lawn is an exquisite setting for such a house; yet one has a grudge against it, for it takes the





there stands a high tower, so that each side is completed with something of dignity. No front of Compton Wynyates could ever be called mean.

Through the great gateway one passes into the courtyard—not very large nor varied in colour. All is of the dull red of weathered brick or the greyish white of stone mullions, not bathed in the southern sunlight as without; yet there is here a constant variety of detail. Southward is the wide and hospitable archway with its stone seats; to east the chapel, and the dormer windows in the high roof; and in the north-east corner the magnificent bay-window of the hall, outstanding into the court, with turreted head and ornamented frieze. All round the walls are broken by

many windows, the roofs are of varying heights, there are the quaint Tudor chimneys, all different in their twists, and doors leading to every part of the great house. The hall fills up the eastern half of the north front, and the dining-room the other side of this north-eastern angle; in the midst of the east front stands the chapel with its fine windows. In the north-west corner are kitchen and offices; while the rooms of the west and southern fronts are only now coming into use again—for there was a long interregnum in the social life of Compton Wynyates, of which there will later be occasion to speak.

Across the courtyard, immediately facing the entrance-porch, is the door which leads past the buttery and then, through an inner door in the great wooden screen, to the great hall. After the southern front itself, nothing at Compton Wynyates is more magnificent than this hall. It rises to the full height of the house; its open timbered roof, of dark oak, springs from a carved oak cornice, and has still the "louvre" from which the brazier's smoke escaped, in days when the great fireplace in the north wall was yet unbuilt. The lofty screen through which one enters has shortened the hall, which no doubt at first extended to the buttery; and it is only within the memory of men not old that this screen has been covered in. Above it is the Minstrels' Gallery, a room so wide and commodious that it probably was not meant for the musicians alone, but was a chamber in which the ladies of the house might sit to hear, unseen themselves, the revelry of their lords at dinner. This end of the hall is very beautiful, with its dark timber making a zigzag pattern against the warm cream colour of the wall and the wonderful rich brown of the screen below. The screen is enriched with decoration, in part of the plain "linenfold" pattern, in part of a tracery of leaves—among which the thistle of Scotland shows that this carving was not earlier than James I.—and in part of the quaintest figures of knights jousting, falling, and lying slain. In the middle of the screen a cross panel bears a rude escutcheon of the Compton arms, the lion amid his helmets.

It hardly needs to be said that this hall is no longer used as a dining-room; indeed, it may well be that the screen was first allowed to cut off so much space when dinners in the hall ceased. Yet an immense table of the olden time still stands here on trestles—a very long, narrowish board, hewn from a single oak. It is spread with bears' skins, on which the heads still grin with formidable teeth; and, under a pair of stags' antlers on the wall, there still hangs a huge blackjack, in which to "drink to his peg" a man had need to be a lusty toper indeed.

A yet more interesting characteristic of the old dining-hall is the magnificent bow-window at the dais end of the long table. There is no finer example in England of these windows, which, introduced about the end of the fourteenth century, soon became the fashion, and grew larger and more important till the time of Henry VIII. By this date the dais window—often placed, as here, at a corner of

the inner court—had become one of the most characteristic features of the Tudor house; and one sees here how greatly these noble and graceful windows add to the beauty of a room. On the same side, looking into the courtyard, are two smaller windows low down, with two above, all deep set in the thick wall.

The thickness of the walls on both sides of this room awakes suspicions, which no historian has yet laid to rest, as to the age of that part of the north front which lies beyond the north wall of the hall. An inner wall a yard thick, to which is added yet a further thickness of two feet, is surely something more than natural; and the early part of the eighteenth century is gravely suspected of having added, and largely, to this northern end, and tampered also with the rooms on the east. The discredit of these doings has been given to the days of Queen Anne; but a somewhat later date seems more likely, and the "1732" on the spoutheads in the quadrangle may be of damnatory significance.

In the corner of the room opposite to the dais-window is the doorway through which the lord in old times stepped down to take his place at the head of the table; and above this there is now a great projection,



COMPTON WYNYATES: THE ORIEL.

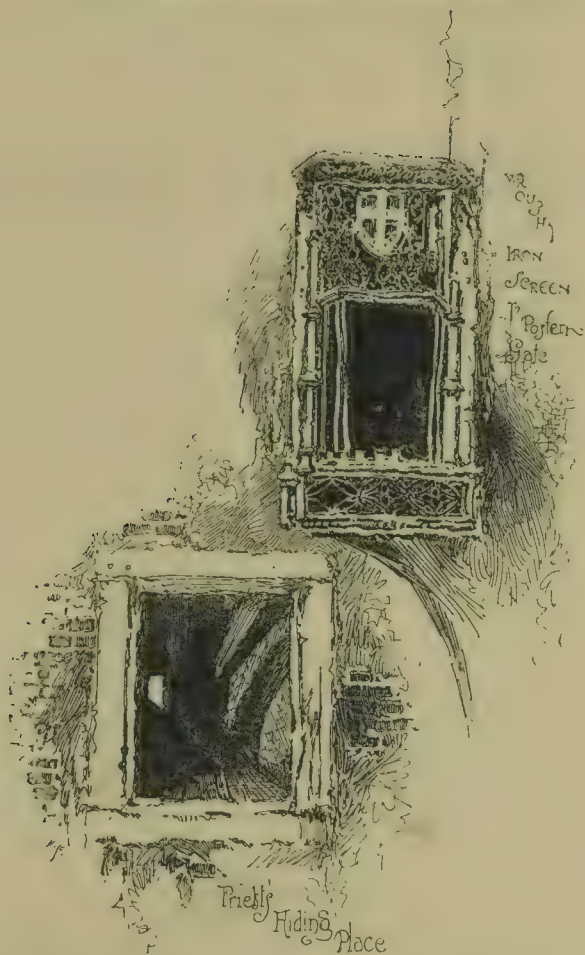
having something of the appearance of a huge pulpit, which is the way of communication between the upper rooms to the north and east of the hall. It may, of course, also serve the purpose of the ancient "squint," to which the lord stepped when he wished to assure himself that the revelry below was not going too far; though this particular projection is an addition of the last thirty years, and was therefore hardly built for squinting.

It is not at all unlikely that the splendid timbered roof of the hall was one of the annexations from Fulbrook. The bay in which the louvre comes, which has all the appearance of a centre bay, is by no means in the centre of the ceiling; another bay at the dais-end of the room is needed to balance the one at the screen end. The inference, that this roof once belonged to a much longer hall may not be in accordance with the facts; but it certainly suggests itself.

From the ancient dining-hall a few steps will take us to the by no means modern dining-room. This is a solemn chamber, low-pitched, not large, panelled with wood which has been painted dark brown. There are no pictures, as Compton Wynyates since its time of desolation has had none; and in like manner there are no books. For ornament there is but the coat of arms cut in dark oak at the end of the room, and, hanging on the wall, the license from Henry VIII. to augment the three helmets of those arms by their royal lion. From the windows is only a view of the strip of lawn, the bank above, and the trees and grass beyond. All is solemn, stately, of the old world; though, as it happens, this solemnity has gained fourfold during the last half-century.

For there was a time before the days of desolation, when not only the panelling of this room but nearly all the splendid woodwork of the house was painted white. This is a hard matter to believe; but a little examination shows traces of the time of whitewash in many a corner and crevice. This abomination is set down to the account of a former Marquis of Northampton, whose nickname was "Tidy John"; a detail which should help us easily to fix his date, but for the unlucky fact that no Marquis of Northampton, nor even any Earl, ever bore the name of John at all. One cannot be far wrong, however, in placing this painter Marquis early in the eighteenth century—somewhere in the period of Malone, who whitewashed Shakspeare's bust at Stratford-on-Avon, not a dozen miles away.





After that Marquis there came, naturally enough, the abomination of desolation. The 1732 alterations cannot have been finished very long when the house, one knows not why, was deserted, left almost to the mercy of a caretaker—who must, one is glad to own, have been in the main a merciful man. William Howitt, who visited the place early in the present century, says that it had been almost uninhabited for about ninety years; nor was its restoration to life begun much before the later days of the third Marquis, who did much good and a little harm to the house in 1867.

Howitt's account of the desolation of Compton Wynyates in his time is very striking. An old courtyard in front of the present house was "a scene of ruin." The buildings on one side were nearly pulled down; "on the other they consisted of a range of stables, coachhouses, &c., in a state of great dilapidation." Within, the place was thoroughly stripped of furniture—"there is not a bench or a table, not a picture or piece of tapestry left. The rooms are all empty except one or two, moderately furnished, for the use

of the Marquis during any temporary visit in the shooting season. Except in these few rooms the walls are all naked, and, what is worse," their latest occupant, say the mythical Tidy John, had papered them very badly, in the fashion of his time. This paper, moreover, had "in most cases been stripped off; in some rooms entirely, in others in patches and fragments."

A gruesome story; and yet therein lies, curiously enough, one of the charms of the present Compton Wynyates. It is a house returning to life; the palace of the Sleeping Beauty awaking gradually, room by room, perhaps as the fairy prince passes through. The principal seat of the Marquis of Northampton is still, of course, as it has long been, Castle Ashby, in the county from which he takes his title, but of late Lord Compton has generally spent some months in each year at the old house; and, as has been said, the predecessor of the present Marquis did much to make it habitable. Most fortunately, throughout all its days of emptiness the house was kept wind and watertight; the roof was never allowed to go to ruin, and the beautiful ceilings never suffered greatly.

One of these ceilings is in the drawing-room, to which we may pass after a glance at the little library, not over-loaded with books, and the tiny smoking-room, with its quaint dais over the cellar-stairs. We are in that extreme north end of the building which was added, as we have seen, perhaps a century and a half ago; and to return to the older part of the house we must ascend a substantial wooden staircase, one of the additions of 1867.

And here it is well to confess that unless you have spent some years at Compton Wynyates it is a mere impossibility to find your way from room to room without a guide, or to remember the way when found. There never was such a house for hide and seek; and it must be distinctly borne in mind that the writer does not commit himself to any precise direction as to the shortest way to that drawing-room.

When found, however, it is well worth the finding: a rich and handsome room on the first floor, with, as is natural, a wider view from the windows than the rooms below. Two wide latticed windows overlook the new garden, one of them set in a deep recess; and a western window looks into the inner court. The ceiling is, as has been said, one of those of which Compton Wynyates is proud; it is of plaster, richly decorated with escutcheons bearing the royal arms, the portcullis and castle, large roses and thistles, or, in one instance—as Howitt's sharp eye noted—"the rose and the thistle united, not merely in one bouquet, but half a thistle and half a rose joined into one strange heraldic flower."

In this room, also, is some fine panelling from Canonbury Tower in Islington—a building known to most Londoners, the lodging of Oliver Goldsmith when he wrote his *Natural History*, and for these three centuries a possession of the Compton family. And thereby hangs one of the legends of Compton Wynyates.

It is certain that Lord William Compton, afterwards first Earl of Northampton, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spenser, clothworker and alderman of London: by an odd coincidence, his father had also married the daughter of a Sir John Spenser, but this has no bearing on our story. The legend tells that Elizabeth, who was

undoubtedly one of the richest heiresses of her time, was carried off by Lord William disguised as a baker's man; and that her father's pardon was only won by a stratagem, to which the Queen lent herself, after the birth of their first child. Then Sir John left them an immense fortune, which caused Lord William so completely to lose his head that his wife had to write him a very sharp letter; this has, fortunately, been preserved, and is a very admirable and business-like document. "My sweet life," it begins:



but presently continues, "I pray and beseech you to grant me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2000 quarterly to be paid," as also £600 quarterly for charities, and sums for the maintenance of saddle-horses, "caroches," gentlewomen, pearl chains, and other luxuries set down with infinite exactitude: the same to be doubled when his lordship became an earl. And in 1618 Lord Compton was, in fact, created first Earl of Northampton.

Two interesting rooms at Compton Wynyates are the bedchambers in which Henry VIII. and Charles I. are said



THE CHIMNEYS.

COMPTON WYNAYATES: THE MOAT.



H. W. Müller sc.

W. D. P. 1894

COMPTON WYNYATES, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.



Of the history of Compton Wynyates during the war many chapters might be written. It was taken by the Parliamentary troops in 1644, after a brief siege of two days: "the rebels with 400 foot and 300 horse forced Compton House," says Dugdale, "drove the park, and killed all the deer, and defaced the monuments in ye church." It was garrisoned by the Parliament until 1646; but on a moonlight night in January 1645 was very nearly taken by surprise. Sergeant Major Purefoy's account of the repulse of the Cavaliers is excellent reading; he was Governor of the garrison, and, with his men, made a stout and soldier-like defence. A range of little bed-rooms built in the south roof is still shown as the sleeping quarters of Sergeant Major Purefoy's troop.

Besides the records of fair fighting at Compton Wynyates, there are also many memories of times of persecution, honourable records of the sheltering of men in danger for their religion's sake. The chapel on the

ground floor, now in course of entire renovation, was plainly, during the later days of the inhabited life of Compton Wynyates, used as a Protestant place of worship; but an upper chamber—apparently that which is even now called the Priest's Room—was formerly known as the Popish Chapel. This is high up, on a level with the roof, and evidently built as a hiding-place; it has doors which were formerly secret doors, leading to narrow and mysterious staircases, and little passages into which, on a surprise, priest or worshippers could disappear. Beneath this, again, is a small room of irregular shape, which is called the Council-chamber, and has no less than six doors—most of which, by the removal of the mouldings, might be made indistinguishable from the panelling in which they are set. In the Priest's Room, by the way, one tiny door opens on to the roof itself and another is said to have led, by a secret way, to the lower chapel.

The chapel drawing-room, on the other hand, is a good example of what one may call the most luxurious method of worshipping yet invented. This is a pleasant little chamber just over the side of the chapel, with panels in the bottom of the wall which open and so form little doors, perhaps a yard high, through which the family, seated at

case in their drawing-room, can hear all that goes on in the chapel.

It must by no means be taken that the Priest's Room and its belongings are the only hiding-places of Compton. Out of the Cavalier's Room—once known as Lady Margaret's—there is a little old chamber, entered through a low doorway, which was closed for many years, and in which when it was opened a skeleton was found; or so, at least, says tradition. Here, again, a narrow staircase leads upward to another little room.

All through the house there are, as it were, these hints at histories which perhaps diligent examination might expand into full volumes. But time will not allow us now to look into the past through all the three hundred windows of Compton of the Vineyard. Into many of the little panelled rooms, dark but comely, we cannot even step. Of the Memorial Room, the disused porter's room with its squint-hole, the pretty little bed-room, on two levels, over the great entrance, the sombre kitchen with its wide fireplace, we can barely make mention; our space is brief, and the interest of Compton Wynyates infinite.

Only before we go we must visit the church, here in the true feudal style little more than an appendage to the great house; it is in the grounds, hardly a hundred yards



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

LORD COMPTON.

to have slept. In the former, a room still white—it may be from the ill-doing of Tidy John—the arms of Henry and Catherine of Arragon still decorate the window; and the fine ceiling, of course of later date, has the monograms of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Elizabeth is one of the monarchs who are said to have visited Compton Wynyates; she lunched here, we are told, and Charles I. slept in the fine oak bedstead in his room here—as, indeed, during the war he must have slept in almost every great house in this district of battle-fields.

And the head of the Comptons was at this time one of the King's most trusted followers. We find Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton, "the best furnished with arms of any nobleman in the kingdom"; he raised and brought into the royal army two thousand of the best disciplined men that fought at Edgehill; he won the fight at Hopton Heath, where he had four of his six sons officers under him—though he was himself not yet forty-two—and where he died, fighting gallantly in the midst of the enemy. He was offered his life, but refused to take it; saying that he "scorned to take quarter from such base rogues and rebels as they were."

from the front door, and ministers to a population of twenty-one, all told. Passing to it among yew-trees cut into fantastic shape—just opposite the south front the yew hedge ends with the most dignified figure of a bird—we find a pleasant little building, on the site of the one "totally reduced to rubbish" in 1646. The Puritans, who had destroyed the "costly window of rare workmanship," with the "very lively representation of the Passion of our Saviour," and the portraits of Lord William Compton and his lady kneeling—which were all in the chapel of the house—also demolished the church and "utterly razed and knocked in pieces" the monuments of bygone Comptons therein, and then threw them into the moat.

Thence some of them, in sorry plight, were happily recovered; and the little old-fashioned church is not without interest. There are flags, tattered and dusty, and helmets, hung up as funeral achievements; a curious high pulpit, with an extinguisher above it; old boxed-in pews, most excellent for slumber; and—a barrel-organ. For the last eleven years, however, this instrument has not been used; its place is usurped by a more modern harmonium.

Eleven hatchments hang upon the walls, in three groups of four, whereof the last is of course incomplete. These correspond, no doubt, with the eleven Earls of Northampton, from Earl William, who married Elizabeth Spencer, to the Earl Charles who died in 1877, and who was also third Marquis of Northampton. For, in the reign of George III., the ninth Earl was created Marquis of Northampton as well as Baron Wilmington of Wilmington and Earl Compton of Compton.

This is a time of the making of many books, of which a great number might easily be spared; yet a history of the growth, the battles, the decay and the happy restoration of Compton Wynyates, and of the fights and fortunes of its owners, would make an admirable volume, and one which should soon be written. Though, indeed, there is less need for haste, in that the beautiful old house would seem to have outlived its troubles and entered upon a serenity of rest, while yet as stalwart and unshaken as in the days of its ruddiest youth.

EDWARD ROSE.



INSTALLATION OF THE KHAN OF KALAT.

Baluchistan, or Beloochistan, as the name was formerly written, is the extensive mountainous region, to the south of Afghanistan, to the west of the British Indian province of Sind, the Lower Indus, including part of the shore of the Indian Ocean, to the Persian boundary. Its principal native State is that of the Khan of Kalat (or Khelat), who is under the protectorate of the British Indian Empire; and from whom, by a treaty concluded some fifteen or twenty years ago, the fortress town of Quetta, called by the natives Shawl, near the head of the Pishin valley, commanding the route from the Bolan Pass to Candahar, with the railway since constructed in that direction, passed into British military possession, becoming an advanced station of the greatest importance to the western frontier of India.

It has recently been found necessary to depose the late Khan of Kalat on account of his gross misrule and atrocious cruelties, which were ascribed to insanity; and a successor has been appointed in the person of Mir Mahmud Khan, a young man of promising character, elected by the Sardars of the Jirgah, those of Jhalawan and Sarawan, with the approval of the Government of British India. The ceremony of the installation of his Highness, as Beglar Begi and Wali of Kalat, took place at Quetta on Nov. 10, attended by General Sir James Browne, Agent of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, with Major Temple, Political Agent at Kalat, Major Gaisford, Political Agent at Quetta, Captain Stratton, Assistant to the Agent of the Governor-General, and Mr. H. S. Barnes, Revenue Commissioner, with a guard of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers, the 6th Bombay Cavalry, the Quetta Garrison Artillery, a company of Bombay Sappers and Miners, and the Khan's native troops.

The ceremony was performed on the Gymkhana exercising-ground and racecourse in the presence of a large assembly of spectators; and the view from the grand stand of the racecourse is shown in one of our Illustrations, which are from photographs by Mr. F. Bremner, of Rawul Pindi, in the Punjab, and of Quetta. The stand was gorgeously decorated with flags and carpets; there was a triumphal arch, with lines of poles supporting banners, in the street of approach for the Khan, who was accompanied by his brother and Major Temple, with a guard of honour, and received the usual salutes.

Sir James Browne, accompanied by General Luck, met his Highness with courteous greetings, and delivered an address, in the Hindustani language, to the Khan and the Sardars, full of judicious and impressive advice; he then officially proclaimed Mir Mahmud Khan to be Wali of Kalat, presented to him some gifts from the Government of



MIR KHODAHAD (THE EX-KHAN OF KALAT) AND HIS SONS.

India, and fastened the "sarpech" on the Khan's turban. Eight mounted trumpeters, galloping forward, sounded a flourish, the artillery fired a salute of nineteen guns, and the troops presented arms. The Khan made a brief speech in reply, thanking Sir James Browne and the Viceroy of India and her Majesty the Queen-Empress, promising to rule his subjects with justice and kindness, and to be a faithful ally to the British Government.

The afternoon was devoted to athletic sports, horse and foot racing, wrestling, and tent-pegging, all of which were keenly contested. The prizes—in the aggregate, over six hundred rupees—were given by the Khan himself to the chief prize-winners.

At night there was a grand display of fireworks, which

attracted nearly all Quetta, and the roads from the Gymkhana to the Khan's residence were prettily illuminated. Beacon fires were also lit on the four hills surrounding Quetta.

The population of Kalat is estimated at nearly half a million; the tribes are of different races: Brahuis, Nharros, Mughsis, Rinds, and Lumaris, and most of them are Mohammedans of the Sonni creed. Some of the settled agricultural peasantry dwell in villages of mud huts, and there are about fifty thousand townspeople, but the majority dwell in camps of black felt tents, keep herds of camels, buffaloes, kine, sheep or goats, and are of migratory pastoral habits. They are rather will, but averse to military discipline, and the army is

insignificant. The country was traversed by Alexander in his march to India, and is described by Arrian as that of the Oritæ and Gadrosii. It was subdued by the Arabian Caliphs, afterwards by the Moguls, and at one time was subject to Persia. In the British Afghan War of 1839 and 1840, Kalat was twice occupied, by General Willshire and by General Nott, after which Nasir Khan, the son of the former ruler, was left in possession of his hereditary sovereignty. Kalat is in no way a dependency of the Ameer of Afghanistan.

It is interesting to learn that the literary output for 1893 was 150 books less than in the preceding twelve months. The total was 6382, and of this number 5129 were new books and not merely fresh editions. Fiction shows a distinct diminution, for only 935 volumes were published, compared with 1147 in 1892. Possibly, however, this decrease is balanced by the increase in the total of "juvenile works," which amounted to 659 books, against 292 in the last list. There is a waning also in literature dealing with politics, and a larger proportion of volumes of poetry.



INSTALLATION OF THE NEW KHAN OF KALAT AT QUETTA, BALUCHISTAN: VIEW OF THE NATIVE TROOPS FROM THE GRAND STAND.



MIR MAHMOUD KHAN, THE NEW RULER OF KALAT, BALUCHISTAN.



SOME OF THE KHAN'S TROOPS.



INSTALLATION OF THE KHAN OF KALAT AT QUETTA, BALUCHISTAN THE READING OF SIR JAMES BROWNE'S ADDRESS,



"HIT OR MISS."

BY A. JOHNSON.

LITERATURE.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING'S "GUELPHS AND Ghibellines."

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Guelphs and Ghibellines: A Short History of Medieval Italy from 1250 to 1409. By Oscar Browning. (Methuen and Co.)—The sub-title of this book gives, we should say, a better idea of its contents than the title. The book is not so much an account of the Guelphs and Ghibellines as a synopsis of Italian history during the Middle Ages. Mr. Browning is evidently master of his subject, and his work may be useful as a good summary to those who have read the history in its details and wish to methodise their knowledge and refresh their memories.

Guelphs and Ghibellines are the great historical example of organised party, with its characteristics and its consequences. These parties are almost without parallel in their extension over a number of independent States. In Greece at the time of the Peloponnesian War there was in each State an aristocratic and a democratic party, and the aristocrats or democrats in every commonwealth were united by sympathy and by occasional co-operation with those of the same party elsewhere, but there was no general organisation or common party name. Guelphs and Ghibellines also differed from ordinary parties in being constitutionally recognised by the States. The "Captains of the Guelph party" were at one time almost the recognised Government of Florence. For another instance of this we have to come down to the American Republic of our own day. The American Civil Service Act prescribes that the commissioners shall be fairly chosen from both the political parties, and some of the States have begun to legislate for the conduct of party meetings, thereby recognising them as regular institutions.

The two famous names in themselves convey little meaning, both being corruptions of the name of a German House: Guelph of that of the Bavarian House of Welf; Ghibelline of that of the Franconian House of Waiblingen. But beneath these sobriquets lay rival interests of the most momentous kind; at least in early days, for at last the parties degenerated into mere factions largely kept on foot by family feuds, and fruitful of vendettas as senseless as they were sanguinary—

"Speaking generally the Ghibellines were the party of the Emperor, and the Guelphs the party of the Pope. The Guelphs were on the side of liberty and self-government, the Ghibellines were on the side of authority, and sometimes oppression. The Ghibellines were the supporters of a universal empire of which Italy was to be the head; the Guelphs were on the side of national life and national individuality. The refrain of the Garibaldian war-song which bids the strangers leave the plains of Italy might have been the battle-cry of the Guelphs.

In other words, it might be said that Guelphism was a combined effort of the commercial and industrial communities of Italy to shake off feudalism, of which the Empire was the mainstay; while Ghibellinism, as a rule, was the badge of the feudalists, though some of the cities, notably Pisa and Siena, were, mainly through their rivalries and feuds with their commercial compeers, drawn to the Ghibelline side. The attachment of the Guelphs to the Papacy was political, not religious; at no time were the Italians generally or any Italian communities so penetrated with religious reverence for the Papacy as the Catholics beyond the Alps. They had too near a view of it, and their intelligence, sharpened by Republicanism and commerce, disposed them to religious as well as to political freedom. Florence, when threatened by the Pope with excommunication, boldly hurled back the threat. The cities ranged themselves on the side of the Pope only because the Pope was, for the time at least, the enemy of their enemy, the Emperor. The Papacy might by its antagonism limit the power of the Empire, and thus indirectly serve the cause of freedom; but religious and political despotism could not fail to go, as in the end they did, hand in hand. The Popes proved at last the destroyers of Italian liberty. They called in for their own purposes foreign Powers by which Italy was enslaved; and by the time when Garibaldi arose to liberate his country the Papacy had become the very keystone of the edifice of Austrian and Bourbon despotism. In England the Pope was ready enough to make war upon King John while the King resisted his power; but when the King had become his vassal, he was equally ready to excommunicate the patriots and to denounce the Great Charter.

That we may not suppose that all Ghibellines were spiritless or selfish supporters of despotic force, Mr. Browning reminds us that Dante was a Ghibelline. Dante was made a Ghibelline by the political distractions of his country, which he thought only the supreme authority of the Emperor could compose. His poetic imagination had formed a conception of the empire as a beneficent power of peace and order to which the reality was far from corresponding. The German Empire was hopelessly alien to Italy. Its real strength, in spite of its nominal grandeur and the classical prestige which bewitched Dante's soul, was small; and the Emperors, when they appeared in Italy, had to call upon their Italian liegemen to provide them with the sinews of war. After Barbarossa, whose paternal beneficence was rather untowardly displayed in the destruction of Milan, the visits of the Emperors were little better than raids. If nothing could lend the Italians patriotism and union but a foreign empire, the case was hopeless.

The outcome of hopeless distraction is a dictatorship. From civic discord something like that which tore the Italian cities had arisen the Greek tyrants such as Pisistratus, Polycrates, and Periander—political necessities probably in their day, and as a class underserving the name of tyrant in its modern acceptation, since some of them were good rulers, while they were generally promoters of literature and art. Partly from civil discord, though partly, as Mr. Browning remarks, from the predominance of the cavalry arm which is the strength of feudalism in the Lombard plains, arose a somewhat similar group of Signors in the Italian States.

It is curious to reflect that in the era of the Borgias, the Visconti, and Macchiavelli, amidst a reign of the world, the flesh, and the devil to which history can hardly find a

parallel, Italy still professed Christianity in its most ascetic version; and not only professed it but continued to believe in the spiritual efficacy of its forms. The unspeakable Pope Alexander VI. was still supposed to hold the keys of Heaven and Hell. We have some of his son's victims making terms for a post-mortem absolution at his hands. Roman Catholic writers are able to aver that Borgia did not for a moment swerve from the orthodox faith, and that his "Bullarium" is beyond reproach. The Visconti, as we have seen, were cathedral-builders, and one of these monsters made a pious exit from the world saying, "A humble and contrite heart Thou wilt not despise." The ecstatic asceticism of Francis of Assisi belongs to an earlier generation, but the extremes are brought into grotesque contact when St. Catherine of Siena writes to the arch-filibuster Hawkwood exhorting him to set forth on a crusade. The most startling case of all, however, is that of the hermit saint of a mountain cave, whom the Cardinals in a sudden paroxysm of piety elected Pope, and who bore for a few months the title of Celestine V. The luckless eremite set to rule over a centre of corruption, intrigue, and infidelity proved, as might have been expected, a disastrous fiasco, was soon flung off his uncongenial throne, and maltreated till he died.

Mr. Browning will have done political and historical study a service, for he has renewed the interest of his readers in a period which not only teems with romance, but, as a record of the dangers of democracy, is not without instructive lessons for the communities of our own time.

THE HUMOURS OF HOSPITAL NURSING.

Adventures in Mashonaland. By Rose Blennerhassett and Lucy Sleeman. (Macmillan and Co.)—Mashonaland has not hitherto yielded much entertainment to the reader, for even Lord Randolph Churchill's adventures with lions can be recalled without mirth. And who would expect the humorous possibilities of a pioneer camp, full of fever and addicted to strong drink, in a book by two hospital nurses? Yet Miss Blennerhassett and Miss Sleeman have written a modest account of an admirable devotion to good works with so much vivacity, such practical sense and cheerful temper, that their volume is entitled to a distinguished place in the library of African life and adventure. They have that rare faculty among women of discerning a wholesome spirit of fun in conditions which would suggest to many people nothing but moral reproof. There was a charity ball at Johannesburg, and by ten o'clock nearly all the gentlemen were tipsy. "Revolving couples cannonaded each other, tumbled down, and could not get up again. A Church of England clergyman played the fiddle in the orchestra. He was attired in the usual swallow-tail, and wore tight black knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles. The next day his ungrateful flock commented in the papers on the thinness of his legs." But the most conspicuous ecclesiastical dignity in the book was no less a personage than a Bishop, to whom the two nurses offered their aid in the task of organising a mission in his diocese. "We found him comparatively young for a Bishop, not much past forty, very pleasant and persuasive, and with an exceptional talent for getting out of a room well—a much rarer gift this than one might suppose. The Bishop's exits were always effective: he evanescenced rather than went, always at the right moment, and left behind him a little hush, in which one would place a note of admiration." I suspect the Bishop will read the account of himself with a vague misgiving that he is being quizzed by these sprightly ladies, especially where his capacity for evanescence reaches the point of a sudden departure for England at a critical moment in the history of his diocese. But the Bishop is not the only man whose weaknesses are pleasantly bantered. The expedition to Mashonaland becomes disorganised owing to the restrictions on the stores. The white men attached to the Mission are indignant because they are put upon rations. "They had been promised home comforts—you could have jam and butter at the same meal at home, why not in Mashonaland? One of the men left; one retired to his tent like Achilles, and could not be comforted." This passage ought to give immense satisfaction in many a household where it is a tradition that a man will call heaven and earth to witness his sufferings if anything goes wrong with the commissariat. One member of the mission, named Wilkins, told yarns of his great services to Livingstone. They were surrounded on one occasion by "strange niggers." "'We're lost,' said Livingstone; 'we must go back and give up!' And I up and says, 'Give up, Doctor? never. Let's go out and drive 'em off!' The Doctor he looks at me. 'Right you are!' he says, 'lead on, my brave fellow, and I'll follow.' And as true as I'm a living man we slew seventy before breakfast." Certainly there is a piquant contrast between the fuss which is made by the masculine adventurer about his privations in Africa and the simplicity with which the hospital nurses describe the long and weary tramp to Umali, and the perils from fever and wild beasts. The African lion is no longer kept at bay by the camp fire. He leaps blindly over the flames, and makes a meal of the sleeping traveller. He even pushes through doorways, and is not deterred by the singularity of windows. These alarms and excursions seem to have been common at Umali, but the hearts of the nurses did not quake. They were much more concerned about the failure of a praiseworthy attempt to bake currant cake, on which the military were invited to feast. "The Colonel ate his share like a man, and a very polite one. We heard that he was very irritable for the next twenty-four hours." On Christmas Day the popularity of the nurses was attested by a deputation of police. "They confided to us that they were great scamps, but would always stand by us. 'If a civilian looksh at you, Sistersh, you justsh sendsh to ush,' exclaimed these excellent fellows, propping themselves up against the hut." That day there was scarcely a sober man in the whole community, but although the police carried their regard for the Sisters to the length of stealing a cow to present it to the hospital, there is no harsh word about this "misplaced generosity." Miss Blennerhassett and her comrade understood the conditions under which kindly tolerance is the highest virtue, and it is this uncommon quality which makes their book so wholesome and exhilarating.

AN IRISH HUMORIST.

The Awkward Squads; and Other Stories. By Shan F. Bullock. (London: Cassell and Co.)—Mr. Shan F. Bullock is new to the ranks of story-tellers, but is a welcome recruit. He has yet much to learn in the axioms of his art and in the use of his tools; for his workmanship is often clumsy, and the canons of construction are a stumbling-block to him. He had a story, which he calls "The Awkward Squads," to tell, and he told it in a magazine in a couple of chapters, making it a slight dish, but very pungent in humour and characterisation. The needs of volume form constrained him to add several chapters to that which was a witty sketch—and to mar it. Bright talk and madcap fun are well enough, but they must be wedded to a strong and engaging thread of narrative if they are to be satisfying. There is no such thread in "The Awkward Squads." It is the story of a few score "patriots," Orange and Nationalist, who are to save Ireland in the moment of the expected *émeute* by their knowledge of bayonet exercise and battalion drill. There are twenty-five lusty peasants of Cavan, Nationalists and Catholics, and almost a similar number of Gorteen "boys," Orangemen and for the Union, each vowing to die in the historic last ditch before the enemy shall triumph. They foregather by night in barns and under hedgerows, rolling conspiracy over their tongues pleasantly, and soaring to great heights in their verbal wanderings. It is evident to them that the Bella Hibernica will never be waged to success by clodhoppers fresh from potato-patch or plough; and they swear the mighty oath to drill unto perfection, secretly and by stealth, in the wasted courts of Rhamus Castle. To this end there is much babble under silent thatches, much wild and delirious clannishness, which is told with splendid humour. Mr. Bullock is as strong in his Irish talk as he is weak in story. Terry Fitch, an old sergeant of Militia, who drills the patriots, is as whimsical a fellow as we have met in fiction for many a day. You can hear him shouting, "Squad, as ye were!" long after you have closed the book. His violent and easily provoked bluster, his absolute command of parade jargon, his choking despair at the sorry intelligence of the dull crew he drills, are set down with an art which is far above that looked for from many a "five-book" man. The pity of it is that we get no farther when we have listened to it. Mr. Bullock is a subject-painter, who is content to work upon one portrait in his foreground, and to use dark tones, deepening to black, where we look for ornament and development. His rival squads drill at the same place, and ultimately come to clash of wooden arms and fists. The misfortune is they are so prodigiously long about it that the reader does not care twopence for the episode when he gets it. If the author be wise, he will make the most of his undoubted gifts of characterisation and extremely happy style, and will be careful to apply himself to some more worthy story in his next undertaking. He has written a first book which is vastly better than many first books, and which leads one to the hope that he will come to be a pleasant novelist.

THE
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

THE JANUARY NUMBER is NOW READY.

CONTENTS.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR	Frontispiece.
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS	EMILY CRAWFORD.
Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.	
THE WITCH'S CASTLE	CARMEN SYLVA.
Illustrations by R. SAUBER.	QUEEN OF ROMANIA.
THE ZOO RE-VISITED.—II. A CHAT WITH THE SACRED IBIS	PHIL ROBINSON.
Photographs by RUSSELL & SONS, Baker Street.	
"FLY ME NOT"	ROBERT HERRICK.
OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD	FLORA ANNIE STEEL.
Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.	
NURSE'S SONG	WILLIAM BLAKE.
Illustrations by ARTHUR J. GASKIN.	
TO THE ROSE	ROBERT HERRICK.
THE RUBY HUMMING-BIRD.—CHAPS. V.-VII. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.	
Illustrations by C. SHEPPERSON.	
GOING HOME	YEEND KING.
THE BUDDHIST CONFESSION	ERNEST M. BOWDEN.
Illustrations by A. TWIDLE.	
CYNTHIA'S LOVE AFFAIRS.—II. THE TWINS	BARRY PAIN.
Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.	
THE CHINOOK	LEONARD OUTRAM.
Illustrations by LESLIE WILLSON.	
INDIAN VICEROYS	SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
Photographs by Messrs. THOMSON, CALDESI and Co., ELLIOTT and FRY, and STEREOGRAPHIC Co.	
THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE APPLE ORCHARD	ANTHONY HOPE.
Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND.	
A GLANCE AT FRENCH MUSICAL ART	CHARLES WILLEBY.
Photographs by Messrs. PIROU (Paris), FERRARIO (Milan), and BENQUEZ (Paris).	
AN IMPORTANT MAN	WARWICK SIMPSON.
Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.	
UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES	ROBERT HERRICK.
SOME JEWEL MYSTERIES I HAVE KNOWN. (FROM A DEALER'S NOTE-BOOK.)—II. THE NECKLACE OF GREEN DIAMONDS.	MAX PEMBERTON.
Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.	

PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A word, if you please, with Mr. Andrew Lang. Is he also among the prophets and the seers?—and is he holding a brief for the mystic ghost, as against the rational explanation of the physiologist? I know not whether I number Mr. Lang among the readers of this column: what I do know is that Mr. Lang has no more attentive or interested reader of what he writes than my humble self. I may be reading his lines (and between them) wrongly, but it seems to me he waxes wroth with us of the scientific side because we find our explanation of ghosts and spectres in projections from the brain's background on the eye's retina; which projections (otherwise "subjective sensations") give us the impression of outside, natural, or objective sensations. "Any stick is good enough to beat a ghost with," says Mr. Lang; but it also seems that any stick (in his hands) is good enough to belabour the scientists with. Well, our shoulders are pretty broad, I fancy, and so let Mr. Lang "lay on" as best he may. He won't (because he can't) get beyond the rational explanation which science has to offer about the ghosts and spectres of sane and insane men alike. It ends the matter in this declaration—that the only ghosts we can see come from the inside of our own heads. *Voilà tout!*

Mr. Lang, I think, is just a little bit unfair to science. He takes the case of Nicolai of Berlin, who gave a clear and exhaustive account of the spectres which he saw and which spoke to him—subjective sensations of sound being superadded to such sensations of sight. Nicolai, from the rational standpoint of a sane man who knew the things he saw were only illusions, explained his sensations clearly and well. Why, then, should Mr. Lang dismiss the Berlin academician with the remark that "Nicolai was not everybody," and that he explains nothing "because the great run of 'cases' are so unlike Nicolai's." I fail to see this; because when anybody tells me he (or she) has seen a ghost, the explanation which occurs to me (short of assuming a natural tendency to mendacity) is exactly that which applies to Nicolai's case. This case, says Mr. Lang, "is confidently run upon the stage by every cheap pamphleteer and popular lecturer"—and, may I add, by novelists, biographers, and leader-writers as well? And pray, why this sneer at the "cheap pamphleteer" and the "popular lecturer"? Is any stick good enough to beat either or both with? I confess to being, like Sir R. Ball, Dr. Dallinger, and others of that ilk, "a popular lecturer," meaning thereby that I try now and then to break down the hard facts of science for easy popular digestion. I confess also to running upon the stage the cases of Nicolai and of Sir David Brewster's "Mrs. A." as evidences, among others, of what subjective sensations are and may effect in our mental life. Possibly (though I make the suggestion with much diffidence) a closer acquaintance on Mr. Lang's part both with the case of Nicolai and with that of "Mrs. A." may result in some modification of the views he entertains regarding the veracity and utility of their records. Added to this, a study in the physiological psychology, whereof Mr. Lang should be, at least, a keen disciple, will perhaps clear away the misunderstandings under which he appears to labour regarding the scientists' views on ghost-creation. If Mr. Lang doesn't get his rational explanation from science, whence, in the name of common-sense, will it come? The choice between Mr. Stead, who, Mr. Lang says, "knows about as little of ghosts as if he were a lecturer in Albemarle Street"—poor Royal Institution lecturers!—and science, is certainly offered us; or is it, rather, a choice between science and its explanation on the one hand, and on the other hand, Mr. Andrew Lang?

But if Mr. Lang is unfair to science, he is positively rude to poor "Mrs. A." The case of this lady is detailed by Sir David Brewster in his "Letters on Natural Magic." Mr. Lang should renew his acquaintance with that interesting volume. He asks, "Who was 'Mrs. A.'? Was she a truthful person, or a maundering old hag who wanted to attract attention? Nobody knows. She is as vague as Mrs. Veal." "Maundering old hag" is one of Mr. Lang's alternatives. Let us hear what Sir David Brewster says about this lady, who was the subject of illusions, carefully and accurately noted down by the way, and communicated to Sir D. Brewster by her husband. "The high character and intelligence of the lady," says Brewster, "and the station of her husband in society, and as a man of learning and science, would authenticate the most marvellous narrative, and satisfy the most scrupulous mind, that the case has been philosophically, as well as faithfully described." This is the description of the person who Mr. Lang, as an alternative hypothesis by way of expressing his doubts about her (and her husband's) narratives, suggests may be "a maundering old hag." There is no need, I apprehend, to say anything more regarding "Mrs. A." or Mr. Lang's idea of her personality; but he goes on to have his fling at Sir David Brewster as well. Sir David, we are told, was bold as to ghosts, like many another man, in the daylight but (according to Mr. Lang) a fearful and quaking person at night. He is said to have once seen (I should put it "imagined he saw") the parson of the parish, who was not near Sir David, but safe and sound in bed at home. Then Mr. Lang avows Sir David took no steps to test the illusive nature of his impression, but "made one spring for it into bed," and next morning was as optical and sceptical as ever.

Now, this is hearsay evidence, and Mr. Lang does not indicate its source. Will he pardon me for suggesting that his informant must have been "a maundering old"—well, let me say "person"?—for surely Sir David Brewster, of all men, would scarcely have forgotten to exercise his ordinary common-sense, if even he did happen to behold a spectral illusion of the parish minister. But the long and the short of the whole matter is, that Mr. Andrew Lang has missed his point when he professes to scoff at science in its explanations of the ghosts and spectres which even sane persons occasionally see when their brain is congested or otherwise physically perturbed. If Mr. Lang has a better theory of ghosts than the scientific one, let him trot it out. Mr. Lang may do many a worse turn than, out of the greatness of his knowledge of this and other worlds, instruct the "popular lecturer" and the "cheap pamphleteer."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C BURNETT (Biggleswade).—Your query must have been overlooked. So far as we understand it a dual would be the result, but its seriousness would vary according to the move. First post Thursday is necessary. Thanks for good wishes.

G W B.—The matter is not worth worrying over, you have nothing to reproach yourself with, and self-respect can go no further. We cannot for the moment tell you where to find the game in question. Have you searched in "Chess Exemplified"?

DR F ST.—We regret to hear of your trouble, and sincerely hope the operation will restore you to the full enjoyment of your only recreation. We trust to hear from you when all is over, and meanwhile will examine new problem carefully.

G DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Correction to hand.

H E D (Hastings).—Thanks for programme, but it arrived too late to turn to use.

B M ALLAN.—Problem shall be examined and reported upon later.

W D (Guernsey).—Thanks, we shall give them our attention.

P G L F (Lymington).—We will endeavour to comply with your request.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2591 received from D G Pasmazoglu (Alexandria); of No. 2592 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2593 from W David (Cardiff), Howich, and J James; of No. 2594 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J James, A H B, T Shakespear (South Yardley), T Emerson (Whitwell), J F Moon, T G (Ware), H Brandreth, Sorrento, E E H, T T Blythe, Victorino Aoz y del Frago, Howich, Admiral Brandreth, Sergeant H Barton, and R Worters (Canterbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2595 received from W David (Cardiff), T Roberts, J Coad, E E H, J Ross (Whitley), Sergeant H Barton, R Worters, T G (Ware), T Emerson, Joseph Willcock (Chester), L Beilant (Bruges), C E Perugini, P Scholey, Sergeant-Major E Retchford (Penrhyn), Martin F, Ubique, J J J (Erampton), A H B, Sorrento, W P Hind, Alpha, A Collyer (Stonesfield), Hawkins Bros, H V W and H R (Richmond), F Cassell, R H Brooks, W R B (Plymouth), F J Knight, Victorino Aoz y del Frago, Blair Cochran (Clewley), R Pope, Howich, R Clark (Sligo), Admiral Brandreth, A Newman, H B Hurford, Shadford, T T Blythe, A McIntock, M A Eyre (Folkestone), C M A B, Dr Tidswell, H S Brandreth, Hermit, J F Moon, T Shakespear, Henry B Byrnes (Torquay), G Joicey, H C Myers, H Brandreth, J W Blagg (Cheshire), W R Raillem, E Loudon, G T Hughes (Athy), G S M (Portobello), F Macartney, J S Martin, G R Hargreaves, M Burke, and R N Crosskey (Lewes).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from C E Perugini, T G (Ware), Sergeant H Barton, Charles Burnett (No. 1 only), T Roberts, Emile Frau (Lyons), T Emerson, G T Hughes, J F Moon, and Captain J A Challice.

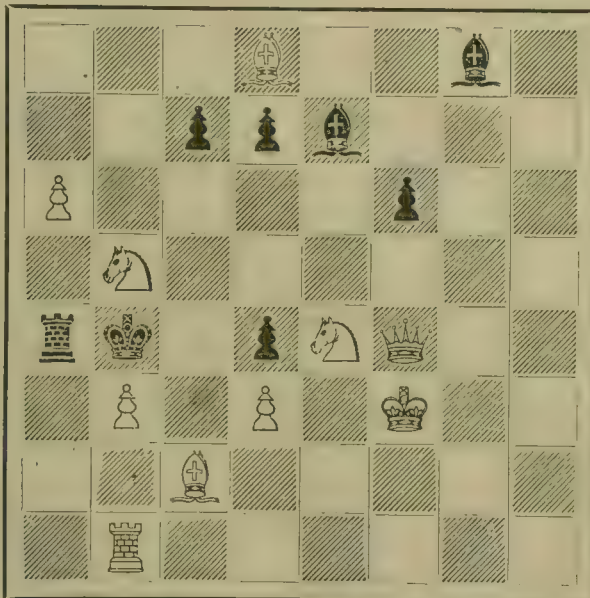
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2594.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 4th R to R 6th
2. Q to K 8th K takes Kt
3. Q to R 5th. Mate
If Black play 1. Q to Kt 8th; 2. Q to R 7th, and if 1. Q to R 6th or K 5th, 2. Q to R 7th (ch), and if 1. K takes Kt, then Q to B 6th, mating in each case next move.

PROBLEM No. 2597.

By C. BURNETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Messrs. ROLLAND and another consulting against Mr. BIRD.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Rolland).	BLACK (Bird).	WHITE (Rolland).	BLACK (Bird).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q to B 2nd	P to R 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th	16. P to K B 4th	P to R 6th
A defence not frequently adopted, but characteristic of the Black player.			
4. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	17. P to B 5th	
5. F to Q 3rd	P to K R 4th	Again weak, P to Kt 3rd followed by B to Q sq yields a sound enough position.	
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q B 4th	17.	P takes P
7. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	18. Q takes P	Kt takes P
8. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	A sacrifice that obtains a strong attack but we doubt if it is altogether sound against correct play.	
9. Kt to Kt 3rd		19. P takes Kt	B to Q 4th
White has not opened well, and this does not improve matters. Kt to K B 3rd was better, as the text move only leads to an exchange distinctly in favour of Black's development.			
9.	P to Q Kt 4th	20. Q to K 2nd (ch)	K to Q 2nd
10. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	21. Castles (K R)	
11. B to B 2nd		A strange and fatal blunder. Castling (Q R) would have left White distinctly stronger in material force and with but little inferiority of position. Black now finishes the game neatly enough.	
Taking the K B quite out of play. B to Kt 3rd was the correct reply.			
11.	B to Kt 5th	21.	R to R 5th
12. P to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	22. Q R to K sq	Q R to R sq
13. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 3rd	23. B to B 4th	R takes P
		24. B takes R, and Black mates in three moves.	

Play in the Handicap Tournament of the Metropolitan Chess Club will commence on Jan. 22, and strenuous efforts have been made to secure for the competition a triumphant success. The rules regulating the conduct of the contest seem effectively drawn, and we notice with pleasure the provision by which it is hoped the length of the proceedings may be kept within reasonable bounds.

The Craggs Chess Union completed its second annual tournament on Dec. 30, when Mr. K. A. Rynd won the open competition and tied in the handicap for first place with Mr. T. Gibbs.

A correspondence match between the Liverpool and Ipswich Chess Clubs just concluded has resulted in a draw, Liverpool winning a game finished last July, and Ipswich the one now ended. This is a very creditable achievement on the part of the Suffolk club.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Three (from July 1 to December 30, 1893) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Dress at those private views that are supposed to show us the winter fashions in their full perfection was decidedly dull this time. The most noticeable feature was the degree to which lace and fur are now mixed on one garment, especially on those long-skirted coats, full below the waist, and close-fitting above, that are known as "pelisses." One such at the New Gallery was of black satin of the most thick and lustrous variety, and was turned back from the shoulder to the hem with a graduated revers covered with sable, the centre of the coat between these being plainly hooked down; the revers became extremely wide—as wide as the wearer's figure would permit—at the throat, and were there faced with Venetian lace behind the sable edge. A flounce of the same lace was put on as a falling collar, going over the shoulders and making epaulettes that were lost to view behind the points of the revers. With this went a flat black-velvet bonnet, with a bow of white lace upstanding at the back, and no more trimming.

In another smart garment there were strips of the darkest skunk laid on a black velvet skirt diagonally all round the foot; the bodice had a slightly frilled basque of white satin, covered with black lace, and a band of fur separated this from the bodice proper, where tabs of fur were laid on the velvet from waistline to bust, and above the bust was a yoke of white satin covered with black lace to finish the front, the back being perfectly plain of velvet, above the basque, which went all round, ending at the extreme back under a tiny butterfly bow of lace and fur.

Black and white are still astonishingly popular, though I should add that the revival of ermine that was part of it in the early autumn fashions is not the success that was expected, comparatively little being worn in London now that the dirty, foggy weather has arrived, even on the smartest of day dresses. One very handsome mantle at the private view was of black moiré, warmly lined, and fitting as tightly as it possibly could, while allowing of the lining. The sleeves, of course, were very full, and were set into a rather deep cuff of white lace, topped by a strip of ermine. A deep shoulder-cape of ermine was placed above small epaulettes of white lace, and the stole ends of the mantle were trimmed along their length with an ermine edging and a band of the lace. This was a thin lace—I think Limerick—but the lace most used is the thick and rather coarse so-called "Venetian point."

It is part of the whole duty of an actress to appear on such an occasion in a smart frock. I saw Miss Mary Moore, but she was only in a plain black coat, and, though she did take that off, there was no more smart garment under it. Miss Marian Terry, again, was plainly dressed. Miss Dorothy Dene's purple cloth, with chinchilla-trimmed cape to match, was very effective. The most striking "get-up" there, however, appertained to Mrs. Palmer, wife of the M.P. for Reading. She wore a long pale-grey cloth cloak, edged everywhere with spotless swansdown, and lined with the most exquisite soft summer-sky-like blue silk; a flat little bonnet, with a touch of blue to brighten the black. Mrs. Joyling, in pale green cloth and black velvet mantle, Mrs. Edmeston, in a sang-de-bœuf cloth tightly fitting and elaborately embroidered with red and gold braid, and Lady Gilbert, in a deep blue cloth raised at one side to show an under-skirt apparently consisting entirely of mink fur bordered with passementerie, were also smart.

Flat bonnets, judging by these views, have won the day completely. Whether of the hood shape or mere plates on the surface of the hair, they were decidedly the smartest worn. Some of them are absolutely not trimmed at all, beyond a strip of fur or an edging of jet round the brim, or something of that sort just to prevent a raw edge. Most have only a little trimming, a bit of wired lace, a fur tail or two, or a jet comb with a scrap of ribbon at the back of the shape. All are worn a good deal off the head. The style is far from suiting everybody, for many women look much better for some distinctly visible headdress, rising above the level of the hair; and for those who prefer to have what really suits them, it may be added that plenty of good bonnets are worn moderately high in front. But the flat ones are newest. Most of the wearers of these latter, as a matter of course, do their hair all down at the back, for a flat bonnet cannot sit on otherwise. I hear from Paris, however, that this "bun" or close chignon style has quite run its course there, and the hair is being dressed in the 1830 style, rather high on the exact crown, with the bonnets set in front of it. We commonly follow Paris six months off.

There is an extraordinarily interesting show of jewellery amongst the "Early Italian Art" at the New Gallery. It is of a splendour and an artistic boldness and completeness that make the ornaments of to-day pale their ineffectual fires with a vengeance. The pendants that the lucky women of those early Italian days had to wear on their bosoms are superb. Fancy a jewel as large as the George of the Garter, or the palm of your hand, in which enamel, diamonds, rubies and emeralds are mixed, not in a mere conventional device, but in a positive form and shape. There is, for instance, a delightful mermaid in bluish-green enamel, with a real gold comb in her hand, and a crown of worked gold set with rubies on her head, and a huge stomach of gems, and a delicious tail in red, green, and purple enamel enriched with emeralds. Another of these pendants is in the shape of an egg, in pierced gold work, which is half-filled in with enamel of the richest sheen, set here and there with rubies and pearls, and having a great pearl pendant from it. On the egg sits a parrot in all the gorgeous colours of his kind, done in enamel and enriched with rubies. Yet another represents a sea-horse bearing a young woman, all enamelled in various and beautifully combined colours, and inlaid with emeralds, hanging from a chain which is set at intervals with pearls. It is certainly worthy of note how small a part diamonds play in this exquisite art jewellery. We in our inartistic day chose these almost exclusively, merely because they are glittering and costly. The ancient jeweller, who was an artist, regarded the colour of gems, with their wondrous depth of tone, and with a lustre of surface that only the alchemy of nature produces, as the means of giving the colour and the variety that all decorative art requires.

AN OLD SCOTTISH HOUSE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It may be the result of political prejudice, but somehow one seldom finds the family histories of old Whig houses so interesting as the legends of the vanquished side. On both parties excellent men fought bravely and suffered stoutly. Thus Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, later Lord Marchmont, in Miss Warrender's book, "Marchmont and the Humes of Polwarth" (Blackwood) ought to attract us as much as Lord Pittligo. But somehow the charm does not quite work, and that by no fault of the author's, whose pleasant book is excellently adorned with family portraits. Miss Warrender's book is full of such genealogies as her countrywomen like, and of such anecdotes as everybody likes. Polwarth, the little old Berwickshire village, with its classical thorn-tree, now gives a title to the head of the Scotts of Harden. Originally, a family named Polwarth owned the lands called "Poulesworth" in the time of Edward I. Who Paul or "Poule" may have been is a mystery, but a mixed English and Celtic derivation from *pol* (Gaelic), a marshy place, and *weorth* (English), a hamlet, seems improbable. The male stock of Polwarths died out about 1390, and the heiress carried the lands into the Sinclair family. In the fifteenth century Sinclair of Polwarth had two bonny daughters, admired by two Humes of Wedderburn. Their uncle secluded the ladies in a lonely tower of the Lammermuirs, but they sent a message to Wedderburn by an old beggar woman, and the gallant Humes soon carried off their brides. Thus Polwarth fell to Humes of the House of Home, descended from "the Saxon Kings of England," as Miss Warrender says, regardless of Mr. Freeman. The name is spelled Hume in this branch, Home by Lord Home. It is a curious circumstance that D. D. Home, the Medium, being a natural son (so he said) of a Lord Home, was of the ancient English royal blood, an Etheling at second-hand. An early tendency to Whiggery made the Hume of 1560 join the Lords of the Congregation, and side with John Knox; while, in the Douglas wars he was a King's man, and was wounded at Cairny in 1571. His son took a hand in the satirical strife called "The Flyting of Polwarth," and the scolding was of an archaic style in Billingsgate. Then we reach Patrick, eighth Baron of Polwarth, born in 1641, who, being an advanced Liberal, suffered hardness under James and Charles II., but came to his own, to the Earldom of Marchmont, and to a gilded orange in his shield through his devotion to the Prince of Orange. He was in the Rye House Plot, though he always denied that he was accessory to the designed murder of Charles II. or of the Duke of York. His friend, Baillie of Jerviswoode, was executed, but Sir Patrick (as he was then styled) hid in a vault under Polwarth Church. Here he lay in the dark, reciting Buchanan's Latin psalms by way of driving the time along. Hither his famous daughter, Grisell (afterwards Lady Grisell Baillie), carried him provisions, which she abstracted at dinner. "Mother," said her little brother Sandy, "will ye look at our Grisell; while we have been eating our broth she has eaten up the whole sheep's head!" Grisell also, dressed as a labourer, made her way into the prison where Jerviswoode lay, with a message from her father. Lord Marchmont after-

wards rebuilt the little ancient church which had sheltered him. The vault of the church seems rather a likely place to look for Sir Patrick in, but perhaps nobody was very anxious to find him. He ventured to visit his own house, but a retreat scooped out in the earth below the ground-floor filled with water, and he fled to the Continent. On arriving in Paris he had but one half-crown left, and his companion was justly alarmed on seeing him enter a book-shop. Here, like a good man and true, he spent his half-crown on a book; but a remittance of money arrived, and he might have bought first editions of Molière for a franc apiece. However, he went to Holland, perhaps with an eye on Elzevirs. There his family joined him, and there they lived, very poor but very happy; and Grisell met her future husband, young Baillie of Jervis-

"as lively and entertaining as ever," learning Italian in her old age, and keeping up her Dutch.

The later Marchmonts were distinguished in many ways, one of them marrying a beauty of sixteen, daughter of a bankrupt linendraper. It was a case of love at first sight: he saw her at a theatre, and proposed next day, and yet the marriage was happy. But the Humes are less exciting than the strange story of the Foul Fords, near Polwarth. Early in last century there lived, at the village of Longformacus, one Neale, a dissipated blacksmith. One day he attended the funeral of his sister, at a place eight miles off. He did not return till dawn, and then half dead. He used language so awful that Mr. Ord, the minister, was sent for, and with him Neale had a long private talk. Neale then sent for his family, and bade none of them ever

to approach the Foul Fords. He died that night, and his family obeyed his parting wish. About ten years later, his son Henry was coming home from the place, Greenlaw, whence his father had made his latest journey. He in vain tried to secure a companion, as he must pass by the Foul Fords. The friend, who could not accompany him, said that there was an alternative route. But Henry set out, and was never seen alive again. He was found lying dead at the Foul Fords, with no mark of violence, his hat, coat, and waistcoat lying a hundred yards behind him. He had run for his life; *from whom?*

The minister now revealed the tale told to him by the elder Neale. At the Foul Fords he had met a procession of the dead, including his sister, whom he had just buried. One man led a horse and bade him mount, but he purchased his life by bargaining that the first of his family who crossed the Foul Fords should be taken in his place. Mr. Spottiswoode, great-grandfather of the author of "Marchmont and the Humes," erected a tall grey stone which still marks the scene of these curious incidents. Scotland has no coroners' inquests; otherwise, perhaps, some light might have been thrown on the second death.

THE SNOW.

One of the most beautiful things in nature is the wintry atmospheric visitation of this "Form of Water"—a phrase of the late Professor Tyndall—the soft descent of billions of fair white

woode. Sir Patrick joined Argyll in that ill-managed rising, which was "financed" by a rich and pious widow. With his usual luck Sir Patrick escaped, returned to his family, came back in triumph with the Prince of Orange, was restored to his estates, and was made Earl of Marchmont. His descendants clung to Whiggery, and, if they were "out" in the Fifteen and the Forty-Five, they wore the black cockade. They had none of the inconsistency of the Kennures, who regularly took the Covenanting side when Covenanters were down, and the royal side when that was practically hopeless. Under Queen Anne Lord Marchmont carried his Whiggery further than Queen Anne approved of, in opposition to her brother James, the Legitimist king, and a very good king too, if he had only been of a different religion. He lost the Great Seal, and after the Union, for which he worked hard, he lost his seat as a Scotch representative peer. In the Fifteen he was useful to the Hanoverian Government, and he died in 1724, after a life of remarkable political consistency. His daughter, Lady Grisell, lived till 1746,

snowflakes, fringy clusters of loveliest crystal, "which droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven," cold indeed, as pure and holy, yet not less beneficent than the rains and dews of summer; for it clothes the soil with a fleecy robe that keeps in earth's bosom the needful warmth for every germ of vegetation, and its thaw infuses the deeper strata with a subtler moisture, penetrating, refining, and fertilising the field-ground of every northern land. Snow is so good for the welfare of the vast and diverse system of organic life, plants and animals, that when we find it a nuisance on our roads and in our towns, it seems ungrateful as well as ignorant to complain. Yet we hate foul slush, and to feel the stoutest boot-leather soaked through with the chilliest liquid; or to be stopped on a railway journey and sit all night cold and hungry in the train; or to find our house door-steps, perhaps twice in the day, thickly covered with fresh snow, into which the foot is plunged with a sense of dismay. "Clear your door-step, Mum?" cries the useful boy. Employ this boy at once; you will remember that charity begins at home,



"CLEAR YOUR DOORSTEP, MUM?"—BY MAX LUDBY, R.I.

IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"Sept. 10, 1888.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat and cold.

"On a Saturday evening I have sometimes felt a little sore throat, or have had a slight cold on the chest, in which case I have rubbed in the Embrocation at night, put a piece of flannel over the part, and the next morning found myself quite recovered and able to do a long day's work in Church and Sunday School."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.

"May 12, 1890.

"We have now had your Universal Embrocation in constant use for over three years, and it has, without exception, given entire satisfaction to all who have used it.—Yours faithfully,

"JAMES BLACK."

BRONCHITIS.

Mrs. Jessie Keene, 46, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, W., writes:

"Jan. 27, 1893.

"I have much pleasure in telling you that I have used your Embrocation—not in my stables, as I have none, but in my nursery—for ten years; and if mothers only knew the value of it in cases of bronchitis and sore throats they would never be without a bottle of it in the house."

ACHES, SPRAINS, & STIFFNESS.

From A. F. Gardiner, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper).

"41, Cawley Road, South Hackney, N.E.

"Aug. 6, 1891.

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Elliman's Embrocation. I have used it for many years past for Sprains, and it has always afforded me great relief. . . . After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. H. Kricheldorf, Calbe A/S, Germany, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure in testifying to the excellency of the Embrocation. I have used it amongst my assistants for Rheumatism and Bruises, and recommend it to all my friends."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:

"June 22, 1888.

"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

CHEST COLDS.

The Tufnell Park Hon. Secretary writes:

"I can testify to the excellence of your Embrocation, and its great popularity, not only for colds and sprains, but as a capital restorer of the system, after either a punishing race or a hard game of football."



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From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables; I think it very useful.

Master of the Belvoir Hounds."

From Lord Haddington, Tynningham, Prestonkirk, N.B.

"Dec. 27, 1885.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds.

Master of the Berwickshire Hounds."

From the Earl of Harrington.

"Jan. 9, 1880.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it the best that I can obtain.

Master of the South Wilts Hounds."

From Major M. J. Balfe, South Park.

"June 16, 1892.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I can highly recommend it.

Master of the Roscommon County Stag-Hounds."

From W. De Salis Filgate, Esq., Lissremmy, Ardee, Ireland.

"July 2, 1892.
"GENTLEMEN,—I am never without your Embrocation, which I find most useful for all purposes, and I believe it to be the most genuine and effective liniment extant.

Master of the Louth Fox-Hounds."

From Algernon Rushout, Esq., Bourton House, Moreton-in-Marsh.

"July 6, 1892.
"Sirs,—I have used your Embrocation for many years, and find it most useful in a hunting establishment both for hounds and horses.

Master of North Cotswold Fox-Hounds."

From the Hon. Ralph Nevill, 34, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.

"July 4, 1892.
"Sirs,—I have for some time been using your Embrocation, and with good results both in kennels and stables.

Master of West Kent Fox-Hounds."

From R. Burdon Sanderson, Esq., Warren House, Belford.

"July 10, 1892.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it very useful.

Master of Percy Fox-Hounds."

From Wm. J. Buckley, Esq., Penyal, Llanelly.

"July 16, 1892.
"DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Royal Embrocation. I always keep a stock in my stables and kennels. My farm bailiff has also found it of much value among my herd.

Master of Carmarthenshire Fox-Hounds."

MUSIC.

The New Year's portion of the Popular Concerts began with performances of Beethoven's septet and Schubert's octet, which favourite works Mr. Arthur Chappell now makes it a custom to bring forward at this period of the season. The septet, and, indeed, for that matter, the octet also, can be pretty safely counted upon to draw a crowd, but, owing to weather of the most inclement and trying description, neither had the desired effect in the present instance. Finer performances of both have never been heard at the "Pops." Lady Hallé "led" on each occasion, having for her companions Messrs. Gibson, Egerton, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, with the addition of Mr. Ries in the octet. At the Saturday concert (Jan. 6) the gifted "queen of violinists" was also associated with Sir Charles Hallé in Rubinstein's sonata in A minor, Op. 19, a clever but somewhat unequal work,

public school, including the usual delivery of orations and a scene from a French play, enacted by two boys whose accent is of the most genuinely British type. The new sketch altogether aroused hearty and continuous merriment, as did the subsequent one called "How I Discovered America," wherein the clever entertainer submits Transatlantic society to much the same process as that which he has already successfully tried upon his friends at home.

M. César Thomson, the Belgian violinist, who was announced for the third time to make his London début at the Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall on Jan. 11, has been heard a good deal lately in Scotland and the North of England, where his playing has won emphatic admiration. But although untoward circumstances of one kind and another have delayed his appearance at Mr. Henschel's concerts, he must not be regarded as a total stranger to metropolitan amateurs, inasmuch as it was at the Crystal Palace, so long ago as Nov. 5, 1887, that M. César Thomson really made his début in this country. He then came forward as a professor at the Conservatoire at Liège, and played the Beethoven violin concerto, his rendering of which, however, was criticised in one quarter as "wanting in breadth of style, and marred by showy *ad captivandum* effects." In a word, he was looked upon rather as a performer of the *virtuoso* stamp; but it is more than possible that since that time the Liège violinist has settled down into a more serious artist, and that his style has become more matured and classical.

A very handsome and altogether unique illuminated address congratulating Sir J. Blundell Maple upon his recovery from his recent serious illness, and welcoming his

return to Tottenham Court Road, has just been presented by the employés of Maple and Co. The address, which was enclosed in a very beautiful carved and painted satin-wood casket of late Louis XV. period, bears signatures representing nearly three thousand employés, and is an eloquent testimony to the popularity of Sir J. Blundell Maple and to the excellent feeling existing throughout the vast establishment.

The second of the specially-constructed steamers for the new route of the Great Eastern Railway Company, between Harwich and the Hook of Holland, was launched on Jan. 10, from the yard of the Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, at Hull. She is named the Berlin, and is an improvement even on the Chelmsford, which was completed last year for this service. She is of larger dimensions than the latter ship, and notably in the extra eighteen inches of breadth, has better facilities for the comfort of the passengers.

OBITUARY.

LORD CREWE.

Hungerford Crewe, Baron Crewe, died at his residence, Crewe Hall, on Jan. 3. The deceased peer, who was born Aug. 10, 1812, was only son of John, second Baron Crewe, a general officer in the army. The present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Houghton, is his nephew, and, it is presumed, the heir to his estates. Mr. John Crewe, for thirty-eight years M.P. for Cheshire, was, in 1806, created Baron Crewe of Crewe; and this title, on the death, without issue, of his grandson, the late Lord Crewe, now becomes extinct.



We have also to record the deaths of—

The Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary Castle, on Jan. 5. Her Grace, who was second wife of the Duke of Argyll, was married Aug. 15, 1881. She was daughter of the Right Rev. Thomas Legh Cloughton, D.D., Bishop of St. Albans, and widow of Colonel the Hon. Augustus H. A. Anson, son of the Earl of Lichfield.

Dame Maria Catherine Eliza Stisted, on Dec. 27. She was widow of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry William Stisted, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and sister of Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton.

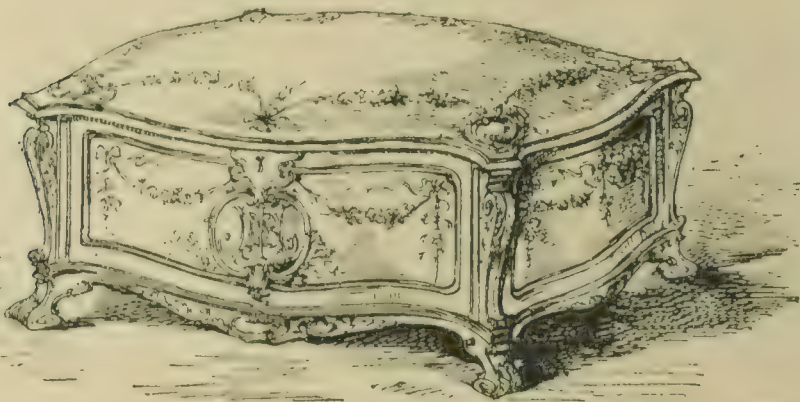
Dame Susan Anne Gull, at her residence in Gloucester Street, on Jan. 2. The deceased lady, who was a daughter of Colonel J. Daere Lacy of Carlisle, was widow of the eminent physician Sir William Withey Gull, Bart.

Mr. Robert Fullerton Grant, at his seat, Drumminor, Aberdeenshire, on Jan. 1. He married, in 1854, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Forbes, Bart., and by her leaves issue, one son, Mr. Robert Alexander Grant.

Mr. Robert Thomas Gybbon-Monypenny, at Broomhill Lodge, Playden, Sussex, on Dec. 27. He was J.P. and D.L. for Kent; and formerly Colonel West Kent Militia. Mr. Gybbon-Monypenny married, in 1847, Janet Phillips, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Burney, H.E.I.C.S., who died in 1863; and he married secondly, in 1869, Marian, daughter of Captain Michael Tweedie, of Rawlinson, Kent.

Mr. Henry Gaisford Gotto, on Jan. 3, aged fifty. He was the head of the firm of Parkins and Gotto. His death was caused by accidentally slipping on the pavement in Fitzjohn's Avenue, on his way to business. He only survived the injuries to his brain three hours. Mr. Gotto was greatly respected by a large circle of friends.

Mr. John Plant, recently, aged seventy-four. He was for forty years superintendent and curator of the museum and public library, Peel Park, Salford.



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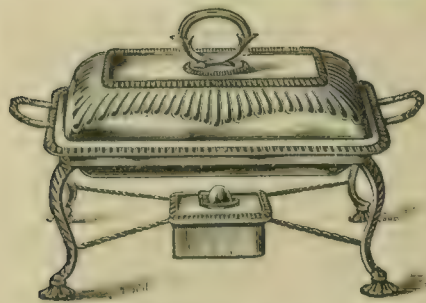
not heard here for just sixteen years. On the Monday, Mr. Leonard Borwick was the pianist; and besides playing a Beethoven sonata with Signor Piatti, he performed Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp minor, Op. 36, and a paraphrase by Liszt of Paganini's Variations in A minor. Mr. Eugène Oudin was the vocalist at both these concerts.

Mr. George Grossmith is about to pay another visit to the United States, where his reception last year was of the most flattering kind, and prior to his departure he has been giving a round of farewell recitals in various parts of the country, winding up with one at St. James's Hall on Monday, Jan. 8. At this the popular artist introduced a new sketch entitled, "The Art of Entertaining," in course of which he takes off with diverting skill such familiar bores as the amateur reciter, the conceited host who will have everything done his own way, the lady pianoforte duettists at a Primrose League meeting, and others of similar calibre. Mr. Grossmith also extracts much humour from a description of a Speech Day at a

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Richly Fluted Full-size Hash or Breakfast Dish, with Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, Spirit Lamp and Stand, complete. Prince's Plate, £8 15s.



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, handsomely Chased, interior richly Gilt, £12 12s. Sterling Silver Salad Servers to match, £3 15s.



Handsomely Fluted Hot Water Jug, with Ebony Handle and Knob.

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2-pint ...	£3 0 0	£6 6 0
1 pint ...	3 5 0	7 7 0
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The same, but quite plain, £4 10s.



Handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Sugar Dredgers, 8 in., £8 5s.; 7 in., £7 7s.; 6 in., 6.



Table Lamp, in Prince's Plate, Fluted and Chased, with 2 Burners, complete with Globes and Chimneys, £3 18s. Height to top of Chimney, 13 inches. In Sterling Silver, £13 13s.



Richly Engraved Salvers, in Prince's Plate.

8 inches ...	£2 5 0	12 inches ...	£3 10 0
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ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL
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IS ALMOST MAGICAL,

and by its use **THE SKIN** is rendered
SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE,
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FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her COMPLEXION
should be without it at this Season of the Year.
If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it
will be found
DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.
For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE, as it is
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

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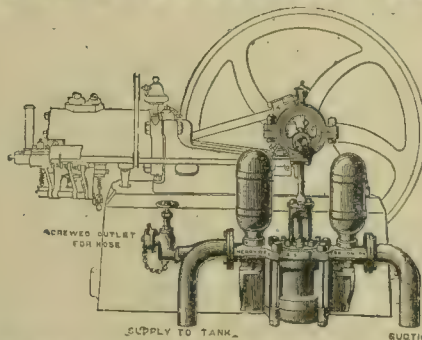
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1892), with a codicil (dated Aug. 30, 1893), of Dame Elizabeth Eastlake, widow of the late Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A., of 7, Fitzroy Square, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Jan. 1 by Miss Jessie Lewin and Charles Eastlake Smith, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; a picture called "Ippolita Forelli," by Sir Charles Eastlake, to the National Gallery; an unfinished portrait of Mrs. Graham, afterwards Lady Calcott, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the bust of her husband by Gibson to the National Portrait Gallery; and she directs her executors, in accordance with the wish of her late husband, to offer to the National Gallery a picture by Terburg of a standing male figure in black dress for £75, and an oil sketch by Rembrandt, representing Christ before Pilate, for £25. She also bequeaths £1000 to her sister Jane Rigby; £3000, upon trust, for her said sister, for life, then as to two thirds for the said Charles Eastlake Smith, and as to one third for her nephew Donald Rigby Smith; £2000 to her nephew Charles Lock Eastlake; and numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her nephew Charles Eastlake Smith.

The will (dated April 20, 1891), with a codicil (dated April 26, 1892), of Mr. James Brand, late of 65, New Broad Street, and Sanderstead Court, Sanderstead, near Croydon, merchant, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 20 by Harvey Brand and Andrew Adam Brand, the brothers, and James Harvey Brand, and Bertram David Brand, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £172,000. The testator after explaining that he had not appointed his son George an executor in consequence of his being in Java; leaves all his real estate at Milnathort or elsewhere, and £2000 to his eldest son James Harvey; all his plate, jewellery, books, pictures, wines, furniture, household stores and effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, upon trust, for division between his sons and daughters; and such sum as with the amount he has appointed to her under settlement will make up £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mabel Grace Bonsor. He states he does not leave anything to his daughter Ethel Mary Fowler, as he has already settled £10,000 upon her. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four sons, James Harvey, George, Bertram David, and Wilfred, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 17, 1887), with two codicils (dated Dec. 4, 1888, and June 8, 1893), of Mr. Frederick Wood, late of 34, Regency Square, Brighton, who died on Nov. 18,

was proved on Dec. 21 by Charles Hull, the Rev. William McAuliffe, George Matthews Arnold, and Thomas John Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark and other Roman Catholic clergymen, upon trust, to apply the income in providing for the stipend of the Roman Catholic priest attached to the Church of St. Pancras, Lewes (founded by his late son the Rev. Hubert James Wood), the expenses of the said church, and the maintenance of the schools; £300 each to the Sussex County Hospital, the Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children, and Convalescent Home, Dyke Road, Brighton, and the Hospital of St. Cross, Rugby; his household furniture and effects and £2000 to his son Frank Ernest; £20,000 upon trust for his said son, his widow and children; £6000 to his niece Ellen Elizabeth Worth; £6000 to Mrs. Johnson, the wife of his executor, Mr. T. J. Johnson; £4000 and seventy-three £10 shares Buxton Hotel Company to Anne Catharine Drakes; and legacies to executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Frank Ernest Wood, Ellen Elizabeth Worth, Mrs. Johnson, and Anne Catharine Drakes, share and share alike.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1883), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5, 1883, and Dec. 21, 1886), of Mr. James Gammell, late of Ardifferry, Cruden, Aberdeenshire, and 16, Grosvenor Place, Bath, who died on Sept. 23, was proved on Dec. 27 by the Rev. James Stewart Gammell, Captain Harcourt, Thomas Gammell, R.N., and Colonel John Holmes Houston Gammell, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £59,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his grandson, Sydney Albert Wharton Gammell; and numerous legacies to sons, friends, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Harcourt Thomas.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1893) of Mr. John Graham Richardson, late of Midwood, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, who died on March 16, was proved on Dec. 20 by George Gillon Turnbull, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his friends Gerald Scholefield and Philip Gowland Nunn to make an autopsy or perform an operation on him to afford conclusive evidence that life is extinct, after which he directs his body to be cremated decently and in order without any useless ceremony, religious or otherwise; £200 to Sir Henry Thompson or other the President of the Cremation Society for the benefit of the said society after paying the expenses of his cremation thereout; £100 each to the Bournemouth Cottage Hospital and Provident Dispensary, the Royal National

Life-Boat Institution, and the Charity Organisation Society; and many legacies to friends, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to George Gillon Turnbull and Clarence M. Roof in equal shares.

The will (dated April 19, 1893), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1 following), of Mr. John Betts, late of Goodmoor Grange, Wyre Forest, Rock, near Bewdley, Worcestershire, refiner, who died on Nov. 20 at Edgbaston, was proved on Dec. 28 by Mrs. Frances Emily Elizabeth Betts, the widow, and Quintus Charles Colmore, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives his freehold house, Goodmoor Grange, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and live and dead farming stock, to his wife; Furness Mill Farm to his son Alfred Koehler; a freehold house and some land in the borough of Bewdley to his son John Hyla; Stepping Stones Farm to his son Ernest; £500 each to his daughters Julia Annabella and Grace Emily Louise; and £100 to his executor Mr. Colmore. He makes provision enabling his son John Hyla, on attaining twenty-one, to take over his business, and his son Ernest to take a share therein. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she supporting his children during infancy, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1886) of Mr. James Greethead Strachan, of Pittville Court, Cheltenham, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Dec. 28 by Mrs. Elizabeth Strachan, the widow, and Major James Arthur Strachan and Captain Edward Aubrey Strachan, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife; £100 each to his brothers and sisters; and £50 each to the Cheltenham General Hospital, the Female Orphan Asylum, the Female Refuge, Ragged Schools, and Charity Organisation Society, also to the Crystal Palace Bible Stand, the Mission to Seamen, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Bible Society, all free of legacy duty. The remainder of his property he gives to his wife and children, in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Charles Higgins, J.P., of Boycott Manor, Bucks, who died on July 17, 1893, have (in the absence of any will) been granted to his only son, Captain C. C. Higgins, of Upton Park, Slough, late of the 13th Hussars. The personalty amounts to £27,978. Captain Higgins also succeeds to the Boycott estate.

The will of Miss Emma Margaret Gardlen, late of Manor House, Brentwood, Essex, who died on Nov. 27, at

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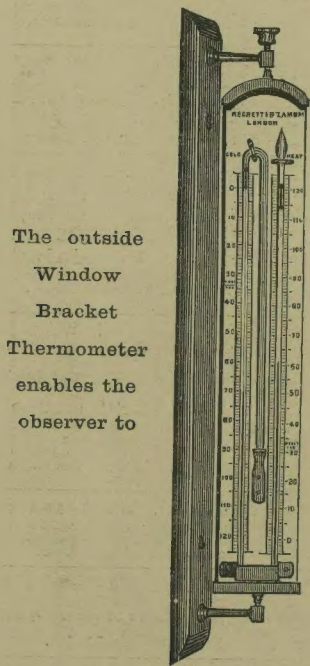
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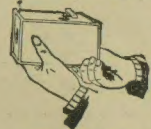
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St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on Dec. 23 by Francis Anthony Garden, the brother and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths a mosaic from Pompeii in her possession to her sister-in-law, Princess Caroline, the wife of her brother, John Lewis Garden; £1000 each to her brothers John Lewis and Francis Anthony; £2500 to her brother Alexander William; and £500 to her sister, Mary Elizabeth Whiting. All her real estate, if any, and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her sisters Emily Anne Garden and Harriet Susan Garden, and the survivor of them.

The will (dated July 13, 1893), of Mr. Hervé Henri André Josse, J.P., formerly M.P. for Grimsby, of Becklands, Barnoldsby le Beck, and Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and 4, Avenue Hoche, Paris, merchant, who died on July 23, was proved in London on Jan. 2 by Charles Kennerley Hall, Charles Augustus Kennerley Hall, and Louis Melchior Alton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator

gives an annuity of £100 to the father and mother of his late wife and the survivor of them; Becklands, subject to the right of her parents to reside there if they are willing to keep it up at their own expense, upon trust, for Marie Lucy Louisa Lephora Errington Josse; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay two thirds of the income to Hervé Henri André Errington Josse, and one third to Marie Lucy Errington Josse, and subject thereto for their children. Should the income of his residuary estate exceed £3000 per annum, part of the amount over is to be held, upon trusts, for accumulations.

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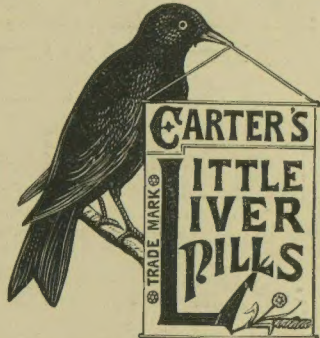
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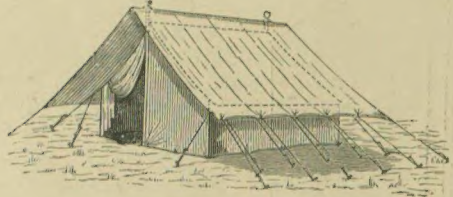
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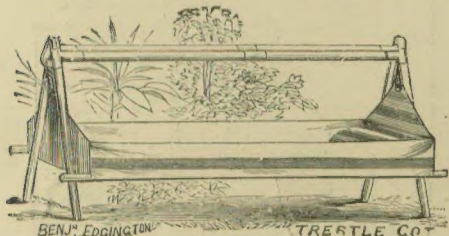


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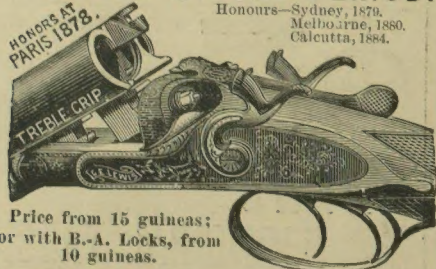
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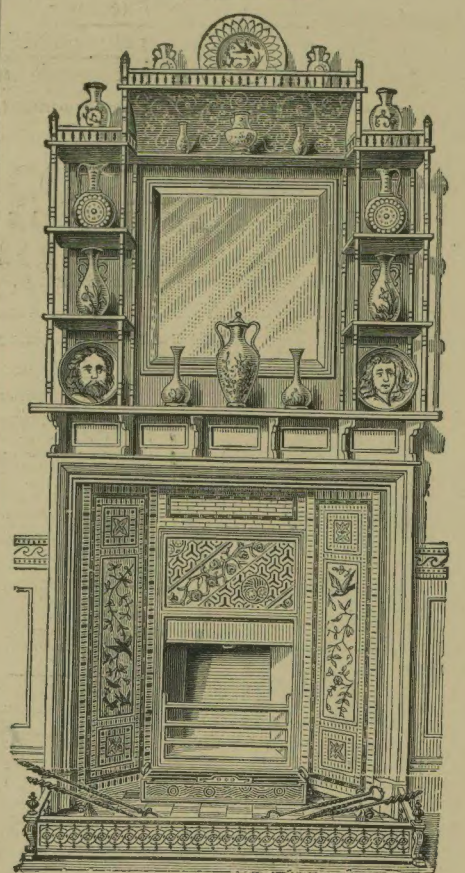
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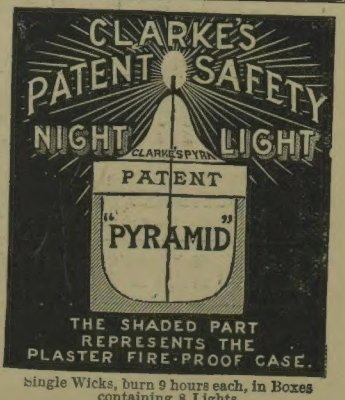
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